

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 18, 1974 60 CENTS

BOSTON'S BRUTAL WEEK

John Havlicek



Mazda proudly presents



The first luxury cars with
rotary-engine performance.

The RX-4 is more Mazda: longer, wider, sleeker. It drives, looks and feels like the luxury car it is.

And it is the first luxury car to bring you rotary-engine performance. It is designed for today's overall driving conditions. The RX-4 offers a careful balance of fuel economy, good handling, sensible size, emission controls, and rotary-engine performance.

It's a balance no other car can give you. In short, the Mazda RX-4 brings back the thrill of driving — in the best way for today.



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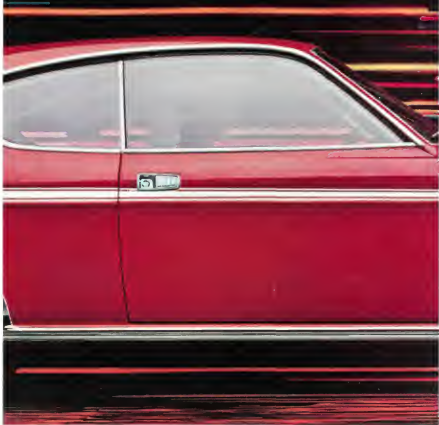
The Coupe, Sedan and Station Wagon have the luxury features you expect in a thoughtfully designed car, like tinted glass, reclining front bucket seats and full carpeting. Along with unexpected ones, like rear-window defroster and built-in windshield radio antenna.

And with every RX-4 comes a double-length engine warranty. Mazda warrants the basic engine

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Test-drive the RX-4. It runs on the cheapest gas you can buy. And at a time when other '74s are chafing on smog controls, Mazda brings back the thrill of driving. It's the first luxury car with rotary-engine performance.

The thrill is back.







Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.

Test Lark yourself.



Break open the filters of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous cellulose and Activated Charcoal filter really works. It helps reduce harsh-tasting gases, "tar" and nicotine. And gives you a flavor that's smooth and light and fresh tasting. Have a Lark. So smooth, there's no other cigarette like it. Nope, not one.



King 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine.

Extra Long 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. 73)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Credits on page 91

Next week

THEY'RE OFF and running in New York as the pro track tour begins its second season, while in Toronto the record-breaking runner from Tanzania, Filbert Bayi, makes his indoor debut.

IT'S TIME TO SING the praises of famous men—freshmen, that is. College basketball is full of them. Curry Kirkpatrick rounds up the best, those who keep turning their learn on.

SPRING IS SPRUNG out of kilter in the baseball world class a fan who prefers memories of an age of innocence in tropical paradises to the chill commercialism he finds today.

"The RCA XL-100 reproduces the kind of color we shoot for with our \$75,000 cameras."

Greg Smith, TV cameraman

TV cameraman Greg Smith can tell if the sky blue is off-color on a TV set.

Or if the flesh tones are natural, or overly ruddy.

Greg Smith is a color TV expert. Using his best cameraman's eye, he evaluated one of our 100% solid state RCA XL-100s.

"I set the XL-100 on top of my old TV," he said. "I turned both sets on. And I watched them both for about two days, before I turned my old set off and started watching the XL-100 permanently."

"The RCA XL-100's color is so crisp," Greg went on to say, "I've seen it used in place of \$1,000

studio monitors." In fact, he added, "they used XL-100s as monitors at the Emmy Awards."

More TV experts own RCA.

Cameraman Smith's opinions put him in some pretty good company. Based on recent national samples, more TV experts—senior cameramen, directors, chief engineers, and independent service technicians—own RCA color TV.

In fact, more people own RCA XL-100 than any other solid state color TV.

We could go on about what that means to you. But we think the picture is pretty clear.

RCA is color you can count on.

XL-100
RCA



Actual closed circuit reception on XL-100 (Model ES396) photographed separately under controlled lighting.

Sports Illustrated



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Hopscotching around the indoor athletic circuit on TV this dark and cold midwinter, a fan might understandably conclude that so far as taking pictures is concerned, one arena must be pretty much like another, at least, there does not seem to be much difference in the quality of the images that show up on his screen. The reality, as any SI photographer can tell you, is something else. Photographers live and die by available light, and in arenas across the country the amount of light available to them varies radically. Because the human eye is so splendidly adaptive that it adjusts almost instantly to the existing light at any event, a spectator at Pauley Pavilion, where UCLA plays basketball and where the houselights are actually relatively dim, sees the action just about as well as does a Celtic fan at the Boston Garden, where the light, from a photographer's point of view, is sensationally bright.

TV cameras can make some of the same adjustments the eye makes, but a photographer's color film operates in a much narrower range, and poor light yields poor-quality pictures. We can supplement existing light by bringing in heavy banks of strobe lights, which give a powerful pulse of illumination that lasts no more than .002 of a second but makes possible exceptionally crisp action pictures. Strobe can be an expensive operation: to light Louisville's Freedom Hall with 1½ tons of equipment for the NCAA basketball finals a few years ago cost SI about \$4,000. And for reasons of their own (mostly self-serving), some arenas—Pauley Pavilion, for instance, and Madison Square Garden—will not permit us to install strobes under any conditions.

This week's indoor lighting card is a mixed one. We photographed the Celtics (page 18) on the road at the Milwaukee Arena—another well-lit building—and at home in Boston but did not shoot their game in Chicago because the stadium lighting is marginal. We covered the U.S. Figure Skating Championships at the Civic Center in Providence, where the photographic problems had an extra technical complication. The rink lighting is wonderfully bright for the spectator but comes from mercury vapor lamps, which give a dis-

tinctly greenish cast to color pictures. There is a solution—a heavy balancing filter—but it sharply reduces the effective speed of the photographer's film. Then Neil Leifer was at the Monzon-Napoles fight in Paris. The lighting turned out to be a puzzling mixture of incandescent and mercury vapor, the ring surface was green, which also produced odd effects, and layers of smoke almost obscured the action. "We were guessing," says Leifer. His good guesses resulted in the pictures on page 22.

Every photographer has his own fa-



vorite arena, not always because of the lights. Some places allow greater working freedom and some hosts are friendlier than others. The Houston Astro-dome is friendly enough, though every-one here remembers the problems of lighting the first basketball game we ever photographed there, in 1968. Judge Roy Hofheinz insisted that our strobes blend with the magnificent decor of his new palace. So we put the big power packs underneath tables and hid them by draping the tables with gold lamé cloth. And we decorated our light stands in gold crepe paper. Very tasteful. UCLA lost to Houston 71-69 in a huge upset. Too bad for UCLA. But the pictures we got were just fine.

Sack

It just keeps working until you lose it.



Come on now.

You remember the first day of school and buying your Scripto mechanical pencil. You know, the one kids could afford.

The one with the spiral inside and the big eraser on top?

Choosing the right color was a big decision. Because you were going to live with it for a long time.

More than fifty years have gone by now since we made our first mechanical pencil.

And goodness knows, we've grown up a bit and now make 217 different pens and automatic pencils, including the economical Scripto 19¢er fiber-tip pen. Not to mention 188 different lighters, now including the first family of American disposable lighters.

But we still haven't figured out if that darned mechanical pencil will ever wear out.

Kids keep losing the evidence.

Scripto works.

What you don't know about stereos, doesn't matter. What you do know is that it says Sony, and all that name assures you.

For instance, an all solid-state amplifier. A sensitive FET FM tuner that picks up and holds distant stations. Separate slide controls for bass, treble, volume and balance. An input and output

jack for a tape player/recorder.

Plus, of course, two speakers, each with 2" tweeters and 6 1/2" woofers.

No doubt Sony technology knows how to make the big, beautiful sound, and maybe it will cost you a few dollars more.

But it's a small price to pay.

"IT'S A SONY."

SR100 tuner, FM/AM Receiver, 1-Speed Automatic Changer, Model SR-100.



**MOVE UP TO OUR
LEAST EXPENSIVE MODEL.**

Presenting The Invisible University

Once upon a time, we used to try to stuff all of our learning experiences into neat little boxes.

The spatial boxes were classrooms and the time boxes were labeled Grade School, Junior High, High School, and College.

But now we're breaking out of the boxes (perhaps because we felt we were suffocating) and finding new learning adventures all around us, all our lives. Television documentaries, book clubs, paperbacks, magazines, film, films and cinema vérité, correspondence courses, talking tape cassettes, museums, going show business—all are part of an "invisible university" that permits any interested citizen to share in the joy of discovery with today's scientists and thinkers.

We're finding out that you don't have to have a college degree to be an educated person—and that you don't have to stop educating yourself after you get one.

That may explain the phenomenal growth of the fairly new monthly magazine *Psychology Today*. In just five years, it has zoomed up out of nowhere to a circulation well over 850,000 monthly copies.

Psychology Today was introduced to bridge the gap between the laboratory and the living room, the professional and the educated layman.

Each month it presents the views and findings of pioneering professional researchers and thinkers, including leaders like Carl Rogers, Bruno Bettelheim,

Margaret Mead, Erich Fromm, Harvey Cox, John Lilly, B. F. Skinner, Kenneth Keniston, Herbert Marcuse.

Not juzzed up? Not watered down? Not clouded over with professional jargon? Just straight and clear in a way that both professionals and an interested general audience can enjoy and appreciate. And visually enhanced with colorful prize-winning avant garde graphics that reinforce the tingling feeling of high adventure.

Traditionally, in many college subjects you had to grind for a year or two through agonizingly dull basics before you got to "the good parts." In *Psychology Today* you start out with "the good parts"—the fascinating, illuminating contemporary discoveries about who we are, why we act as we do, and how we can change.

Here are a few topics under recent discussion in our section of "the invisible university":

Does sports activity really build character?

Can a psychological test predict your success in business? In investing?

Why do fat people eat even when they're not hungry?

How might psychology have prevented the Vietnam war?

Why do many bright, capable women in business have a will to fail?

Can three people be happily married—to each other?

Does "the screaming" cure really work?

How can income tax forms be made foolproof?

Can a chimpanzee learn to read and write?

Can criminals be rehabilitated through brainwashing? (And should they?)

Can fingers be color?

Why do we expect beautiful people to be smarter?

Should we teach children to read the way pigeons are taught to play ping pong?

Is there really such a thing as hypnosis?

Some of it is daring theory. Some is outrageous opinion. But much is startling fact and measured experiments which will rob you of some of your fondest pet notions—and provide you with powerful ammunition for your next argument with friends.

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Would you buy life insurance from this young man?

(A lot of people do.)

Bill Fielder is a Great Southern General Agent in McAllen, Texas. He likes to help people. He's been a success in several fields but was never really happy in his career until now at Great Southern.

Bill is doing something he enjoys. He has some new, imaginative ideas on how life insurance can be used to take the worry out of education, security and retirement.

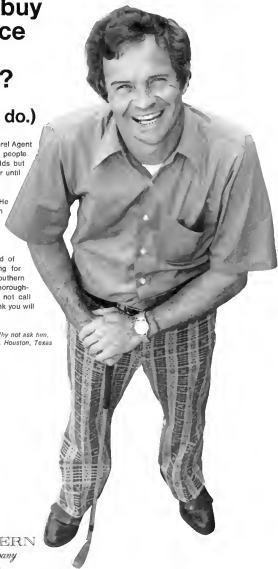
He is doing something he is proud of and he is accomplishing something for himself and his clients. As a Great Southern General Agent he is a well-trained, thoroughly competent insurance man. Why not call your Great Southern Agent? We think you will like him.

Perhaps you'd like a career like Bill's. Why not ask him, or write Bill Williams, C.L.U., Box 1972, Houston, Texas 77001.

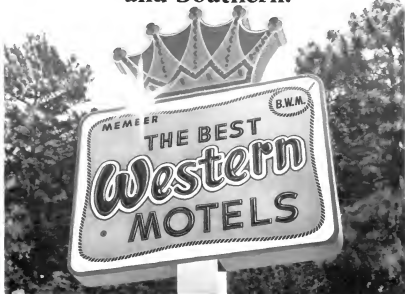


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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

COLLEGE TRY?

Emphasis on winning led paradoxically to an indifference to defeat in college basketball in the Midwest last week. Morehead State, tied for first place in the Ohio Valley Conference, had a nonconference game at Illinois State, more than 400 miles away. Rather than subject the stars of his team to the 800-mile round trip, Coach Bill Harrell left his top six players at home to prepare for conference games coming up a few days later with Murray State and Austin Peay.

Illinois State, a mediocre 10-8 for the season, trounced the depleted Morehead team 113-74, but got little satisfaction from the hollow victory. Athletic Director Milt Weisbecker said, "It was a hoax on our team, our coaching staff and our fans. That man should not be in coaching, and I told him so." Coach Will Robinson said, "We were tuned to play the first-place team in the Ohio Valley Conference. This took all the fun out of it."

Harrell was unapologetic after the game, although a few days later he said he would resign as coach because of "lack of support" from the school. "We did what we felt was best for our chances," he said. "It's a long trip, and we've got two tough games this weekend. If our starters made the trip, there's no way we could prepare for them. Our kids would have no sap in their legs. We play in a very physical league, and our seniors have their hearts set on winning the conference."

Harrell made one more revealing remark. He said, "If Illinois State had come to our place and left their top players home, that would have tickled me. I'm always glad to get a win."

But despite that attitude and the reverence accorded Vince Lombardi's dictum that winning is the only thing, it isn't. The often misunderstood Olympic concept of "taking part" is fully as important. "Taking part" means trying to win, and trying to win is as vital to sport as winning. Maybe more so. Winning is

what you want to do, and what you try your absolute best to do—because if you don't try, if you don't really take part, you cheat yourself and you cheat your opponent and you cheat your sport. If Harrell and Morehead State felt that the game with Illinois State was unimportant, they should not have played it. Once they committed themselves to it, they were bound by the basic concept of competitive sport to do their best.

DEFICIT SCORING

Stanford's wrestling team was wiped out by Oregon, beaten so badly that in 10 matches Stanford failed to score a point. Pretty sad, but the final result was even worse. Stanford Coach Joe DeMeo was hit with a technical when he disputed a call during the match. A technical violation costs a team one point. Final score Oregon 48, Stanford -1.

PRESENT COMPANY

When the American Basketball Association held a luncheon before its All-Star Game in Norfolk, Va. last week, 10 of the 20 All-Star players were missing. They bypassed the lunch, apparently because they were miffed that gifts had not been placed in their rooms. Gifts had been given to the players last year. Al Bianchi, coach of the Virginia Squires, said, "The players are paid \$500 and \$300 for this game, depending on whether they win or lose. Who says they're supposed to get anything more? Some of them are making \$70,000 and \$80,000 a year. Why are they worried about a little gift in their rooms? This is absolutely ridiculous."

People who paid \$10 for the luncheon had been assured they would be sitting with the players. Because all 10 of those absent were black (16 of the 20 All-Stars were black), some felt the action was a boycott, but the black players insisted it was not. The nonexistent gifts were the reason.

"Only three things were asked of the

players," said Bianchi. "They were to practice, attend the luncheon and play in the game. I think they should be fined."

WHAT'S THE USE?

Skiers hurt with pride, according to Dr. Arthur E. Ellison, a former medical adviser to the National Ski Patrol System.

"There is an aura of mystique about a ski injury in many cases," Dr. Ellison said at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. "Someone will break a leg and find it humorous. Soon you will find him enshrined in some local saloon. But skiing has had a bad rap. Its injury rate is dramatically lower than that of football."

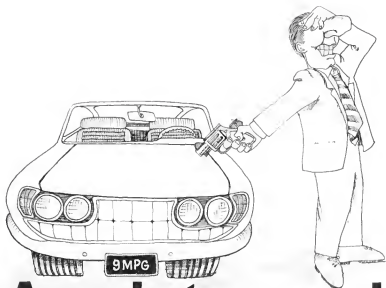
Ellison said skiing is the only sport in which people like to joke about injuries.



He has a cartoon in his office showing a woman, dressed for a warmer climate, skiing with her husband. "As soon as George breaks something," she says, "we're leaving for the Caribbean."

The sport suffered further comment from another medical man. Dr. Lewis J. Krakauer, of the Corvallis (Ore.) Clinic, told a conference on injuries that downhill skiing—in sharp contrast to cross-country skiing—is not exercise. At least, it is not in the true physiological sense of the term. Dr. Krakauer said it did little to train muscle endurance or to increase cardiac conditioning, and may be harmful to the poorly conditioned heart by creating stress from excitement, cold, altitude and overdressing.

continued



A modest proposal from Yamaha.

You used to be inseparable. But then gas used to cost a quarter a gallon. So maybe it's time you put that venerable old guzzler out to pasture. Or at least traded in your second car on something more economical like a Yamaha.

Think about all the gasoline you'll save. Think about low maintenance costs. A low purchase price. And think of all the perfectly legal

little nooks and corners where you can park your new Yamaha.

But forget these advantages for the moment, and just think about this. With the price of gasoline skyrocketing, the question is not whether you can afford to own a Yamaha, the question is whether you can afford not to own a Yamaha.

Oh, we're not suggesting the extermination of cars. Just a little population control. In spite of its wastefulness we're confident that the automobile will continue to have a place in American life. Otherwise, how would you get down to your Yamaha dealer?



Someday, you'll own a Yamaha.

A 19¢ BOX OF CRAYONS CAN SAVE YOU FROM MAKING A \$400 MISTAKE ON A COLOR TV.



1.



2.



3.



4.

Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

Toshiba Blackstripe.

If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a \$400 mistake.



TOSHIBA
Toshiba America Electronic Corp. New York, NY 10020

Model shown, C-515. Manufacturer's suggested retail price \$369.95. 13 picture measured diagonally. Solid state circuitry composed of 45 chips enables for better performance and more viewing. Use buttons automatically adjusts color balance, contrast, brightness, contrast and line tracing. Matching sound control included.

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81

SCORECARD

Obviously, the only thing to do is to bypass the slopes and get right to the sports-like activity around the fire in the lodge, and in the bar.

DEMOCRATIC PROCESS

A "night at the races" scheduled by a group of Democrats in Maryland was scratched recently. It was to have been a series of films of old thoroughbred races, on which those in attendance would make bets. A nifty fund-raising gimmick, except that the local state's attorney ruled it out of order. "I had to do a little research on the subject," says Warren B. Duckett Jr., the attorney for Anne Arundel County, and a Democrat. "I first determined that the Democratic Party is not a volunteer fire company and therefore can't conduct such a fund-raising affair. The party also isn't a fraternal organization or religious group" (Some Democrats might dispute that.) "I checked with the Internal Revenue Service," adds Duckett, "and it says the party definitely isn't a charitable organization. The state law does say a 'civic group' can conduct such an affair. Is the Democratic Party a civic group? That was too close to call."

REVERSE ENGLISH

In order to protect chairs and couches in its main lounge from stains left by sweaty players just off the courts and still wearing tennis shorts and shirts, the Racquet Club of Victoria, British Columbia posted a sign that said cryptically: NO WHITES ON UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE. The sign soon disappeared and was later found on display in the living room of an amused member of the club—who happens to be black.

YEAP? WELL, YOU'RE ANOTHER

Some pointed comments zinged back and forth during a two-hour discussion of sports broadcasting that was put on the air last week by WBZ radio in Boston. Among those talking on the program by phone hookup were Broadcasters Curt Gowdy, Howard Cosell, Ray Scott and Chris Schenkel, as well as Roone Arledge, head of ABC-TV sport, and Carl Lindemann, Arledge's counterpart at NBC. High point—or low point—of the heady discussion came in a childish exchange of acronyms between Scott, who did the Super Bowl for CBS last month, and Arledge.

Arledge: "I think there has been more

entertainment and certainly more journalism on our Monday night telecasts than there has been anywhere else in football."

Scott: "In what area could you label any part of it as journalism?"

Arledge: "Telling it like it is about trades, about people on the teams and not treating it like a religion, like you do."

Scott: "A religion?"

Arledge: "Yeah, You said Howard is colorful but inaccurate."

Scott: "Totally inaccurate."

Arledge: "Well, I think you're dull and inaccurate. You made more mistakes in the Super Bowl than Howard made all season."

Scott: "That may be the most ridiculous statement that's been made so far, and you could never back it up."

Arledge: "I certainly could."

Scott: "I'll tell you something. Monday night football this past season contained more mistakes of fact than a lot of high school broadcasts I've heard."

Arledge: "Ray, you're just jealous."

Scott: "How could I be jealous?"

Arledge: "How could you be jealous?"

Scott: "I couldn't care less about being recognized in the street."

Chris Schenkel (*breaking in*): "Ray, you love it. I love it."

Scott: "That's not my aim in life."

Stay tuned. Or don't stay tuned.

THEY SAID IT

• Johnny Rodgers, 1972 Heisman Trophy winner, on his selection as Canadian Football League Rookie of the Year: "I'm only an average superstar."

• Dave Maurer, football coach at Wittenberg (Ohio) University, after sitting for four hours at a football banquet next to Ted Bell, Ohio's No. 1 high school player, sought by Southern California, Notre Dame and Ohio State: "Wittenberg is on his recruiting list, we're 223rd."

• Stan Musial, expressing his pleasure at still being connected with baseball: "I have a darn good job with the Cardinals, but please don't ask me what I do."

• Bobby Clarke, Philadelphia Flyers hockey star, noticing Charley Young, the Philadelphia Eagles' rookie tight end, at a banquet: "When I look at Charley Young, all I can think is that if I was his size playing my sport, I wouldn't have to take my teeth out and put 'em in my pocket before I play."

END

PARKER 75

Codes Madrid I, a recently discovered collection of drawings by Leonardo, is to be published by McGraw-Hill Book Company. The drawings below are adapted from that work.



Leonardo da Vinci invented the ball bearing. Parker makes it the beautiful way to write.



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He might have used tungsten carbide for the ball tip—as we do—and textured it so it wouldn't skip. He would have been fascinated by stainless steel's resistance to wear, and

might have used it for the ball socket—as we do.

For lift and balance, Leonardo would surely have made the case of solid sterling silver. And for sure, firm grip, he might well have cut the same grid pattern in the barrel.

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THE SLEDDING WAS TOUGH

Wherever the Celtics played last week the snow was heavy and so was the going. In four stormy games that tested their playoff mettle, they made gratifying progress **by PETER CARRY**

The snow, swirling down in half-dollar-sized flakes, had begun to blanket North Michigan Avenue as the Boston Celtics left the Water Tower Hyatt House for the scenic bus ride—famous, old rusted El standstills, historic boarded-up storefronts—to Chicago Stadium. The bus was one of those plush jobs with a flight of stairs leading up to a passenger deck and a small red sign flashing WATCH YOUR STEP. It was an appropriate warning for the Celtics, a very good team mired in a month-long slump and heading into the worst kind of weather the NBA can offer. In a six-day stretch beginning that night, Boston would travel from one end of the snow belt to the other, taking on the Bulls, Bucks (twice) and Knicks, the teams most likely to make the Celtics' pursuit of their first championship in five seasons a stormy one when the playoffs begin.

The need for Boston to step smartly last week had almost nothing to do with the standings. Its 6½-game lead over injury-riddled New York in the Atlantic Division seemed commanding enough to withstand anything short of war, famine, pestilence or Center Dave Cowens retiring to become a full-time auto mechanic. But as Boston fans have learned, first-place finishes—even those as convincing as last year's, when the Celtics posted a 68-14 record, the best in their history and second-best ever in the league—are little solace when their team fails in the playoffs. Which is what has happened to Boston in the Eastern Conference finals

against the Knicks the past two springs.

As the current season rolled into its second half, Boston seemed to be practicing for its playoff swoon. After winning 29 of 35 games in the 1973 phase of the schedule, the Celtics greeted the New Year by losing seven of their next 15, a slide that reached its nadir with a dismal collapse in the second half against the Bullets on national TV Feb. 3. Despite Cowens' excellent connections at Peter Langan's Exxon station in Wellesley, where he spends his off-hours tuning up a teammate's car or doing transmission work for a lady friend, Boston's fast break seemed to be suffering the same fate as everything else that moves faster than a walk in New England these days—no gas.

During the slump the Celtics scored 7.6 fewer points per game than they had previously and lost the NBA lead in offense. Their fast break, usually the best in the pros, was misfiring. In last season's playoff, the Knicks demonstrated that by foregoing offensive rebounds and hurrying back to present a well-organized defense, they could force Boston into a pattern game, which is not its forte. That technique did not go unnoticed by other teams, and opponents now regularly send four or even five players scurrying to the defensive end of the floor whenever Boston seems likely to gain possession of the ball. And, predictably, it is the best defenders, the Bucks, Bulls and Knicks among them, who have most thoroughly mastered this tactic.





In the astute opinion of Boston Forward Paul Silas, the Celtics' recent shortcomings had less to do with new defenses than with a mild case of midseason letdown. Boston had not been forcing the ball upcourt—or pressing defensively—with its customary relentlessness. John Havlicek, the team captain and leading scorer, who well recalls the days of his youth when the Celtics did everything superbly and won everything in sight because of it, feels the current squad has not applied old-fashioned dedication to the execution of the patterned offense on which it must increasingly rely. Whoever is right, when the Celtics walked through Gate 3½ and into Chicago Stadium last Tuesday night some of the sheen of their green road uniforms seemed to be gone.

In the sort of extraordinarily well-played game that usually occurs only in the playoffs, the surging Bulls won their ninth straight 100-98, but the regreening of Boston was well under way and there was not a gloomy face in the Celtic locker room afterward. In fact, it was a game in which the pattern and percentages said the Celtics should have won. Chicago held the lead until midway through the third quarter as Boston struggled with its set offense—which scored only 16 points in the first half—but ran enough successful fast breaks to remain close. Then, as often happens when the Celtics apply pressure throughout a game, the Bulls began to weary in the final period and Boston opened a seven-point edge with 3:35 remaining. In the closing minutes it was the Celtics' nonrunning game that first cost them their lead and then almost allowed them to pull out a victory. Boston was unable to break on any of its six final possessions and failed to score on five of them as the Bulls pulled into a 98-98 tie with 24 seconds to go. The Celtics executed one last pattern perfectly, Havlicek taking an open, 12-foot jumper behind a double screen set by Cowens and Don Nelson. One problem: the shot missed. Chicago recovered the rebound and called time-out with two seconds left to set up a play. The final buzzer had already sounded when Guard Bob Weiss' desperate, whirling one-hander swished through from 25 feet to end a game in which there had been 27 ties and

continued

In fact, Centers Dave Cowens and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar led their teams to victory.



lead changes in the final 18 minutes.

"That's the first good game we've played in a month," said Havlicek with a smile an hour later, as he sat down to dinner and a couple of glasses of Pomard at his favorite Chicago restaurant. And he kept smiling even when the waitress chided him for letting her down by missing the final shot and the chef came out of the kitchen and threatened to burn his steak because he was a loser. The waitress then told Havlicek that a man who remembered him from college wanted to buy him an after-dinner drink. "That's very nice," said Havlicek.

"Yeah. I remember watching you when I was at Michigan," the man called across the quiet dining room. "You were at Ohio State at the same time. Let's see, I think you were a year or two younger than me. What year were you?"

"I graduated in '62," replied Havlicek. "Oh, well, I got out in '55. At least Michigan's got a better team now than Ohio State."

"I guess that's right."

"By the way, didn't I see you last summer at a housewares show selling toilet seats?"

"That's not in our line," said Havlicek, who is a partner in a firm representing various hardware manufacturers.

"I thought for sure it was you with the toilet seats."

"Well, that's not in our line," Havlicek said once more, his smile a little thinner.

The Celtics' smiles had all but disappeared the next morning when their flight was canceled and they rebounded the bus for the ride to Milwaukee, where 16 inches of snow had fallen. Their journey, which took them past jackknifed trailers, capsized trucks and cars abandoned in the drifts, turned out to be far easier than the Bucks' flight home from Cleveland, which took them to Minneapolis, Rochester, Minn. and Madison, Wis. before they had exhausted all airborne possibilities and also resorted to a bus. When the Bucks finally pulled in 3½ hours before game time, they brought with them a season-long roster of injuries rivaling the Knicks', the only record (41-13) in the NBA better than Boston's and the mao who has made that unlikely combination possible, 7'2" Center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

Although they were named the starting centers for their respective conferences in the last three All-Star Games, Cowens and Abdul-Jabbar are perhaps as different as two men playing the same position can be. Kareem is smooth and stately, playing at a level a head or more above the rest of the men on the floor, and frequently laying back on both offense and defense to let the action come to him. Cowens, who is five inches shorter, moves with the serenity of a commuter about to miss his train; he is forever burgling off in one direction or another to take a firsthand look at what is happening, regardless of where it may take him on the court. That includes straight down, because Cowens regularly gets eyeball to eyeball with the floor in pursuit of loose balls, and far out because Cowens believes in playing defense up to 30 feet away from the basket. At one point in last week's game at Chicago, Cowens guarded Bull Center Clifford Ray so tightly as Ray stood with the ball upraised at the top of the key that his nose was entangled in the capital U on Ray's uniform.

Cowens and Abdul-Jabbar have developed one of the NBA's most interesting man-on-man rivalries. At such times as the first two quarters of last Wednesday's game, in which Kareem scored 20 points and helped put his team up by nine, there seems no way that Cowens can defend against the taller man's towering hook shot. But there are other occasions, particularly late in games when Cowens' speed and stamina have finally worn Abdul-Jabbar down, when the smaller man scampers unimpeded around the basket, grabbing most of the rebounds and scoring freely.

The fourth quarter of last week's game, which opened with Milwaukee leading by 11 points, was just such a time. Cowens scored 12 points while holding Abdul-Jabbar to four (none in the last 9:47) and he used his effective outside shooting to finally draw Kareem away from the basket and open up the middle for Boston's offense. Twice in the closing 1:21 Cowens fed Guard Don Chaney from the top of the key as Chaney, who scored 10 points in the last period, cut behind Abdul-Jabbar for four easy points. The second basket gave the Celtics their first lead (103-102) since the opening quarter and they went on to win 105-104.

The victory was Boston's first in almost four weeks over a winning team—nonetheless it has a season's edge of

Jo Jo White makes it tough for Lusia Allen; Tonyvay Helmsford makes like Ernest Borgnine.



White, who scored 35, forces the ball up the floor in hopes of catching the Knicks off guard.

16-9 against .500-plus clubs—and Coach Tom Heinsohn's gravelly laugh was heard often in the front of the first-class cabin as the Celtics headed home, bringing the remains of the Midwestern storm to Boston with them. Heinsohn chuckled at his own stories about touring behind the Iron Curtain with a team of U.S. pros in the early '60s, bemoaned the fact that last week's trip had afforded no time for painting, even though, as usual, he had brought along his watercolors, and maintained his composure when a stewardess said, "Has anyone told you that you look like Ernest Borgnine?"

"Borgnine, Borgnine. That's all I hear now," Heinsohn said. "A couple of years ago I was Glen Campbell. Now all anybody notices is the split between my teeth, my pug nose and this lousy voice and they all say Borgnine. At least, there's one advantage to it. I figure if he can play Vince Lombardi because he looks like him, then when the time comes I can have the big role in *The Life of Ernest Borgnine*."

With that Heinsohn came down to earth in Boston, which was beginning to bear a striking resemblance to snow-bound Chicago and Milwaukee. The Knicks arrived in the snow, too, but perhaps not overly chilled since Boston has been the site of their second-round triumphs in the playoffs. Heinsohn is already confident the outcome will be different this year and with good reason. Without Willis Reed, who is recovering from knee surgery for the second time in as many years, New York is not nearly the team that won the NBA championship last May. Reed has predicted that he will be back in the lineup for the playoffs,

but even if he is his chances of performing effectively are slim. And if their meetings so far this year are any indication, New York's hopes of defeating Boston without Reed are nil. The Celtics have won four of the five games between the two teams—their single loss, a 104-83 drubbing, occurred during the recent slump—and each victory has been a convincing one, none more so than last Friday's 125-97 rout. One of the few 28-point games on record that was not as close as the score indicated, the win was achieved despite Cowens' absence because of foul trouble for 14:02 of the second and third quarters. While he was on

the bench, his teammates, led by 6'6" Don Nelson, who took over at center and scored 18 points and had 11 rebounds, and Guard Jo Jo White (30 points), turned a 40-40 tie into a runaway. Against the Knicks' league-leading defense—which suffered when Dave DeBusschere was sidelined in the second quarter with a bruised heel—the Boston running game was at its most powerful, particularly in the third period when it scored 18 of its first 23 points on the break, nipping the game wide open.

Sunday's rematch with Milwaukee was occasion for yet another bus ride through the snow. For the Celtics the trip to Providence to play one of the nine Boston "home" games scheduled there turned out to be tough sledding, indeed. On Wednesday, Abdul-Jabbar had suffered abrasions of his right cornea, but he was still a vision in the Bucks' 95-86 victory. Cowens was ordinary despite his 20 points and an equal number of rebounds, while Kareem was extraordinary, grabbing 21 rebounds, scoring 28 points and blocking seven shots, including one by Chaney to stymie a typical late Boston rally. That put Milwaukee .032 ahead of the Celtics in the race for the league's best record (an achievement worth about \$3,000 a player at the end of the season), but nonetheless Boston clearly had survived its stormy week without being blown apart. **END**

Breaking the game open, Paul Silas (left) and emergency Center Don Nelson pop at will.



In Paris last week the fashionable game seemed to be choosing nicknames for Carlos Monzon, middleweight champion of the world. The animal kingdom was heavily drawn upon, with wolves, bulls and jaguars being especially favored, but on Saturday night a feature writer in *France-Soir*, the city's evening paper, trumped everybody with his "A restless and lissome beetle, imprisoned in his carapace of ill-temper and implacable physical power." Which seemed a little hard on an Argentinian boxer who just does not happen to have an expressive face.

Some color, though, was needed to counteract the filthy Paris weather, as black, icy rain squalls from the southwest bullied their way through La Défense, the new, stark Paris suburb of high-rise office blocks and light industrial plants. There an enormous circus tent had been raised on a raw construction site to shelter the 10,400 fans who had paid up to \$140 each to watch Monzon defend his title against Jose Napoles, the Mexican from Cuba and the world welterweight champion.

And plenty of color, too, was needed to still certain doubts. Any meeting of two world champions must be a prestigious occasion, but there were the obvious seeds of a mismatch in this one, as well as a strong geriatric flavor. Napoles is officially 33 years old but everybody grins when this figure is mentioned, even his manager, Kid Rapidez. Napoles could have rejuvenated himself by two or three years when he went to Mexico from Cuba with new papers. And Monzon—assuming his age is correct—is 31. Mismatch elements were even less in doubt. Monzon had a five-inch advantage in reach over Napoles and possibly a 10-pound advantage in ring weight.

What Jose did have, though, was everybody on his side except for a thousand Argentinians. In his corner was practically the whole Muhammad Ali team, headed by Angelo Dundee. Indeed, early rumor had it that Ali himself would be in Paris aiding the Napoles camp. He was not, but no loss; Dundee supplied the poetry. "I said the key to last month's heavyweight fight was 'sock and lock,'" Dundee noted. "This time it'll be 'slip and rip.'" Delightedly, he tried out the phrase again, "Slip and rip."

This was in the Jovett Gymnasium in northwest Paris where Napoles worked out for the last time before the fight. Above him was a portrait of religious

JOSE WAS ATTACKED BY THE ENTIRE ZOO

Paris had called middleweight champion Carlos Monzon a wolf, a bull, a jaguar—and he ate Jose Napoles alive

by CLIVE GAMMON

intensity labeled "en bonhomme 1916-1949—Marcel Cerdan." Clichés, naturally, were as thick in the air as Gauloises smoke, and the most obvious of them, the one about good big ones and good little ones, was easily discomfited by Dundee. "We're gonna erase that," he said definitively. "Napoles is the best fighter that Monzon ever met. He's an old-breed boxer. Monzon is a big, heavy strong guy and it's his strength that's beaten everybody, but he's awkward and Napoles has got the style and ability to stick him. Jose is tricky. He's hitting you and, bop, he's putting three- or four-punch combinations away. He's not gonna run after this guy, he's gonna play checkers with him. Monzon's a big

sloppy guy; you don't have to run after him. Slip and rip," he muttered happily. "Slip and rip."

That same afternoon, though, the Cold Monster, the Prince of Air and Darkness, as the Paris press called Monzon, did not look all that sloppy. In a sudden excess of fury he put a sparring partner through the ropes twice within a minute. This was in a smarter, smoother gym than the one in which Napoles trained, out in the expensive suburb of Neuilly, on the Avenue Charles de Gaulle. The atmosphere was different, too. No smoking. Strict checking of credentials. Life very real, earnest and unsmiling, especially for Monzon's manager, Amilcar Brusa, who cast a cold eye on Anglo-Saxon report-





Inevitable Monzon parries himself a while.

ers. He refused to speak with them, so that they had plenty of time to study the blank features of Monzon and try to detect the aura of terrifying power freely attributed to him by French newsmen. There was something there, all right, but it could be more easily identified as physical strength and speed and freedom of movement than as some terrible supernatural force hidden behind unexpressive Amerindian features.

Monzon eventually smiled in public,

though. The first time was on the night of the fight as he greeted past champions—and, inevitably, Georges Carpentier—in the ring. His cool was a measure of his total, relaxed preparedness.

Hours earlier, the lines of fans had shuffled forward in the cold February night, often through patches of yellow mud that had not been entirely covered with gravel, into the vast Belgian tent. Alain Delon, the French movie star who promoted the fight, had preceded them, striding in his camel-hair coat, snapping orders in his metallic voice, personally checking loudspeakers, spotlights and leaks in the canvas.

Inside, although critics of Delon had predicted a ringside temperature of 60 degrees or lower, a thick, warm rug of humanity and a fog of cigarette smoke soaked the heat up to well above comfort level. In spite of better than 2,000 Mexicans yelling "Meh-hi-co, rah, rah, rah" and the fewer but still vociferous Argentinians, the French made the night their own, chanting through the slow preludes "Remboursez! Remboursez!" ("Give us our money back!") as some in the \$140 seats frugally unwrapped packets of supper sandwiches. Finally, to swinging spotlights and a pop group called Aphrodite's Child belting out a martial hymn especially written for the occasion by Greek composer Vangelis Papathanassiou, the fighters came in. Napoles courtly in sombrero, poncho and his championship belt, then Monzon under the blue-and-white Argentine flag. It was shortly after this that Monzon smiled.

The bout began with a flurry of action, Napoles going hard at Monzon without any preliminaries, ripping through a virtuosic repertoire of fast combinations and uppercuts as Monzon retreated slowly, occasionally pushing out a left. Not altogether astonishingly, the challenger Napoles was committing himself totally to attack from the start and scoring freely. Early in the second round there was still justification enough for sending one's sombrero spinning in the air, but now there came a significant hint that the Napoles blitz was going to be inadequate. Two heavy lefts and a right from Monzon punctuated the last minute like the sudden clanging of a funeral bell. Fast, up-

standing and still strong, Napoles took on the look of one of Napoleon's *chasseurs* in the Old Guard who refused to believe defeat at Waterloo.

But like the Old Guard fading before the massive fire power of the Brown Bess muskets of the British infantry, so Napoles, taking the pistoning left of Monzon (who still had not uncovered his powerful right), began to crumble. It was now, in the third round, that Napoles suffered the first serious damage to his vision that was going to finish him soon. The crowd did not know this yet, the French fans still yelling encouragement in curiously polite diction. "Ah, c'est joli!" they roared as Napoles boxed on, and, "Ooh, la-la!" as if they were a hundred years back in the Moulin Rouge.

In the fourth, magisterially, Monzon came forward even as Napoles kept up his flurries of attack, though the Mexican was slipping away more slowly now. The Monzon right was brought into play. Monzon had contained Napoles, now he was going to attack him. His reach was plainly telling and Napoles was taking a pasting in the face. Though Monzon's pace was still slow, he seemed stately and thoughtful.

Even then Monzon might have been planning his sudden and terrifying aggression that came toward the end of the fifth, prefaced by a left cross that turned Napoles' face bloody. Wolf, bull, jaguar—certainly all of them—Monzon stood off and pounded the body and face of Napoles with rights and lefts. In stark trouble, Napoles stood and threw out a still-defiant left at the bell.

It was clear the fight was over, but it went to a sixth. This time the punishment Napoles took was appalling. Beginning with a cannonade of rights, Monzon was able to stand back, wind up his punches and slam his right in wherever he wanted. It was horrifying, and when Dundee conceded as the bell clanged for the seventh, there was hardly more than a token shout from the Mexicans in the crowd. It was a merciful, welcome end. The clichés were right; Napoles was too old and short and light, though heartbreakingly brave. Dundee had asked him if he wanted to go on. "I can't see anything at all," he had answered simply.

After the fight Dundee said with equal simplicity, "Monzon is just a super champion." Which is a better way of putting it than conjuring up all the animals in the jungle.

END

Showing superb conditioning—and unshakable advantage—Monzon whistles challenger.



ALONG CAME THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Blesséd old St. Moritz was up to here in royalty, and nobody seemed to care about the world ski meet. That's when Liechtenstein bit them on the ankle

by WILLIAM JOHNSON



It might always be remembered as the week when Liechtenstein emerged from the toy department of nations to become a world power in skiing. Then again, it might not be remembered at all. For as the Fédération Internationale de Ski world championships of 1974 unfolded in blasé old St. Moritz last week it often seemed as if all evidence of ski racing and racers had vanished beneath the busy stream of bored celebrities, ancient millionaires and various nonchalant sybarites who flowed through the town's twisting streets.

Championship or no championship, life went on as always in St. Moritz: the dainty dogs of deposed princesses minced around hotel lobbies, and uncounted countesses kept their daily appointed rounds with hairdressers, masseuses and gigolos. The dashing sled riders of the venerable Cresta run continued their mad morning races and at lunch guzzled champagne from silver trophies. The Shah of Iran was in town with his new personal secretary, the former king of Greece. Here, too, was Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau—with no bodyguards and an elegantly shabby sports coat—plus such jet-propelled types as Zubin Mehta, Prince Victor Emmanuel, Princess Ira von Fürstenberg, Tina Turner and Günter Sachs.

At first, all the dazzle seemed to have settled at the bottom of the mountain. Nor did it help that a particularly doleful weather front clamped down over the Swiss Alps early in the week, turning St. Moritz into a gingerbread penitentiary and forcing racers to forgo much of their training. There was all the usual swashbuckle of visiting world ski champions—but still the old town failed to stir.

Even beneath the most sparkling of skies it would have been hard to infuse much personal radiance into a champ like Gustavo Thoeni. The 22-year-old Italian, three-time winner of the World Cup, unquestionably is the best ski racer on earth today, one of the finest in his

A played champ, Thoeni saved his swashbuckle for the slalom events—winning them both

tory. At St. Moritz he won the giant slalom with a display of intelligence and power. Then on the last day of the meet he turned in a memorable performance in the slalom to seize another gold medal. Starting the second run in eighth position, he attacked the course with astounding ferocity, yet always under control, beating the field with flair. But for all his dash, Thoenen has the charisma of an apprentice pasta maker, there is simply no hero visible in the boy for a wishful public to worship.

One gray morning he appeared for a very brief private interview at his hotel on the outskirts of St. Moritz. He had a slightly runny nose. He looked pallid, tired, utterly phlegmatic. In answer to questions in German (he speaks no English), the world champion said, "I don't know if I will continue until the 1976 Olympics. I don't know if I will be training today. I don't know if I will go to watch the women's race. I don't know if I will get married soon." Asked if it was true that he was engaged, Gustavo said, "So, so," and returned to his room.

Later his more talkative coach, Mario Cottelli, added that Thoenen is officially employed as an Italian customs inspector and also as a brigadier in the Italian army, that he likes mountains and forests and animals, that he sleeps a lot and never goes to parties.

Naturally, around St. Moritz that sort of personality could not upstage so much as the least princess at the Palace Hotel bar. But so it went last week, on and on through this oddly unexcited meet.

In the men's events an enormously strong Austrian team dominated as predicted. The pleasant veteran David Zwilling, 24, won the downhill—first of his life—and he placed second in the slalom. Promising young Franz Klammer, 20, finished second in the downhill, then scored high enough in both slaloms to win a gold medal in the combined. In the giant slalom Austria's Hans Hinterseer, 20, finished second and almost pulled off a bronze in the slalom—but was later disqualified for missing a gate.

Among the women, Austria's Annemarie Moser-Proell, 20, thundered over a dimly visible downhill course and finally won the first world event gold medal of her otherwise brilliant career. Elated, she promptly took a hearty swig of grappa from an admiring Swiss soldier in the finish area. Later she told a press con-

ference that she would definitely be racing in the Innsbruck Olympics, but then would probably retire and "give birth to two babies." Second to Mrs. Moser-Proell was the vivacious Canadian, Betsy Clifford, 20, whose racing career recently had seemed all but finished by bad luck and injuries.

Meanwhile, the fortunes of France suddenly grew brighter. A devastating series of early-season firings had sent the team's finest racers into exile for commercialism, but in St. Moritz pretty Fabienne Serrat, just 17, won the giant slalom, then went on to do well enough in the other two events to capture the gold medal for combined performances. Michèle Jacot, the 1970 World Cup winner, came back from a series of injuries and won a silver in slalom, while Jacqueline Rouvier got a bronze in the giant slalom—all of which gave the French more medals than they have won since their halcyon days of supremacy in 1970.

But every ski meet needs something special, and certainly it came. Ah, yes. There was the small but lovable magnificence of Liechtenstein to contemplate. Never before had this gentle principality experienced the exhilaration of winning medals in world ski racing. Never. Last week it was twice blessed. Hanny Wenzel, 17, a little dumpling of a child who was born in Germany but now lives in Liechtenstein, made two finely tuned assaults on the slalom course and beat the veteran La Jacot. Hanny's victory was delightful enough, but perhaps not stunning since she had already won twice this year on the European circuit. But then one day later even the rich denizens of St. Moritz were a little touched when Hanny's unheralded teammate, Willi Frommelt, suddenly roared down the course to edge out Austrian Karl Cordin for a downhill bronze medal.

Tall, dark, smiling, Willi took his triumph in stride, though he acknowledged the difficulties facing any Liechtensteiner who wishes to become a ski champion: "We have no organized training camps and we have no national programs of any kind, so unless a racer joins one of the big countries' teams he has great difficulties to improve." Hanny teams with the Swiss team, Willi with Austria. Ironically, the men's downhill race was one in which the mystical art of ski waxing was all-important. Willi Frommelt said, "I do not know exactly who waxed my skis, but in any case they were in the Aus-



Pride of new Liechtensteiner, Hanny Wenzel.

trian ski room." When he was asked if the Austrians might decline to wax his skis next time since he stole a medal from Cordin, Willi grinned and said, "We must wait and see, mustn't we?"

When the racing ended, little Liechtenstein had done better—astonishingly than the Swiss team—that had dominated the Sapporo Olympics and was trying desperately to reach a medal-winning peak for these home-country championships. The Swiss wound up with a single bronze. Liechtenstein also left behind the racers of America. Indeed, at this point it was not entirely impossible that some other odd and wonderful new entries in world skiing—such as Turkey, Iran, Lebanon or Nationalist China—might soon overtake the U.S.

As the American team left St. Moritz it was in a state of disarray worse than anything it had experienced in decades. The team had been jured by a shakeup in the coaching staff last January, and while sports are said to be high, the skiing is clearly too slow. Surveying the shambles around him, the new coach, Hank Tauber, grinned stiffly and said, "I like being where we are now. We can build something. I'm not predicting any pies in the sky, of course, but we have goals set and we are going to meet them."

Perhaps the first such goal might be to keep the American ski team ahead of Lebanon. The second: to someday attain the heights of Liechtenstein. **END**

AND THEY USED TO CALL HIM SEXY

Now that Secretariat (right) is down on the farm it is apparent that his nickname fits him none too well. He and Riva Ridge are such doubtful breeders their syndicates may fold

by WHITNEY TOWER
and WILLIAM F. REED



This is the week of decision at Kentucky's historic Claiborne Farm, the week in which an announcement is to be made whether the two most expensive horses in the world are worth the \$11.2 million breeders paid for them last year. If Secretariat and Riva Ridge prove to be duds as stallions and must be returned to the racetrack to earn their oats, their value will plummet. "I wouldn't give \$500,000 for a sterile Riva," said one of the nation's top owners. "And what could a sterile Secretariat be worth? He would be very lucky to win another million on the racetrack, and if he sold for more than a million, it would be to a guy looking for nothing but publicity."

But the outlook on the two horses' fertility may not be all that black—or white. Last week the man in the know, 24-year-

old Seth Hancock, the master of Claiborne, remained nervously silent. He wore a long face as he watched races at Florida's Gulfstream Park, and in his rare comments Hancock was being more optimistic than precise. "We feel that Secretariat has two of his three test mares in foal," he said, mustering a smile, "and that Riva Ridge has one of his three mares in foal." This week Hancock is to issue a prognosis to the syndicate shareholders, who have agreed to wait until March 1 for final fertility test results. The original date for such tidings was to have been Jan. 1, but on Christmas Eve the breeders were greeted with telegrams requesting a 60-day extension because preliminary tests on the two young stallions had not gone well.

California Oilman Howard B. Keck

was sufficiently concerned at this news to bail out of the Secretariat and Riva Ridge syndicates. Like the other shareholders, Keck had paid 10% down in 1973. But rather than risk sending his former champion Turkish Trousers to a questionable stallion, he asked for—and got back—his \$35,000 investment in the two horses and made other plans. Keck was further irritated at having gotten the dismaying news by telegram instead of receiving a report by telephone. Bull Hancock, Seth's father, had been one of Keck's partners and oldest friends. Next to skip out of the Riva syndicate was British breeder Mickey Suffolk. And at least two or three more Europeans are considering asking for their money-back guarantees.

What Hancock would like to an-

nounce, but apparently cannot, is that the Claiborne panel of veterinarians has certified both of the stallions as 100% fertile. If the vets fail to give full approval, the syndicate agreements signed last year become null and void. However, a compromise is possible calling for the renegotiation of the contracts. Lawyer Gayle Mohney, who represents Claiborne and Mrs. Penny Tweedy, the horses' owner, says, "It all hinges on working things out with the insurance company and coming up with a deal that will be so attractive nobody can refuse it."

The insurance company involved is Lloyds of London, which covers everything from concert pianists' fingers to Cunard flagships. Lloyds has been involved in horse racing for years and figured prominently in the celebrated Your Host case in the 1950s. When Your Host broke his shoulder at Santa Anita, the owner wanted to destroy him and collect the insurance. Lloyds said no. It paid \$250,000 for the colt, patched him up and put him to stud where he sired Kelso, five-time Horse of the Year.

The insurance premium for animals of the caliber of Secretariat and Riva Ridge is 5% to 5.5% annually for full mortality; the owner only collects if the horse dies. For fertility insurance, an owner pays an additional 4.75% of the horse's full value. Mrs. Tweedy laid out some \$500,000 for this kind of insurance for her two colts. There are probably not more than 20 stallions in the U.S. with full fertility insurance (among them: Silent Screen and Tom Rolfe).

If the syndicate contracts are renegotiated, Lloyds may settle for a lesser premium on the grounds that if Secretariat and Riva are not completely fertile, neither are they totally sterile. The syndicate members also will be asked to settle for something less. In the case of Riva Ridge, they might be offered a deal such as this: a breeder would send one mare to the horse this spring and pay \$40,000 only if the mare delivered a live foal. Should Riva get 51% or more of his



Mother of the year: this Appaloosa, bred to Secretariat, is expected to bear his first foal.

mares in foal, his syndicate would take effect and the \$40,000 the breeder paid for the 1974 service would be credited toward the \$160,000 he contracted to pay for his share of the horse last summer.

Attorney Mohney says that announcements about the horses' stud potential cannot be made until a new agreement is reached over insurance. If negotiations lag, Hancock's expected statement might have to be postponed.

Tests on the two horses indicate that Riva Ridge is following in the footsteps of his half-brother, Hydrologist, who has been nearly a total failure at stud. A Kentucky horseman who visited Claiborne two weeks ago reports, "Riva apparently shows little interest in his mares, no matter what their color [some stallions have a distinct and constant aversion to mares of a certain color]. He just stood in his

paddock with his head down and his tail between his legs." Riva may never make it as a stallion in part because he is too shy a breeder.

Secretariat, however, has manifested great interest in his new career. He has grown into a big, round, playful horse, and last week he frolicked like a child in his private pasture. The bluegrass was covered with snow, and Secretariat cavorted in circles, tossing his head. He flipped over on his back and rolled about, kicking his feet at the falling snowflakes. Enthusiasm, he has.

Secretariat's problem is with his sperm. He has been tested six times and these tests, according to the Claiborne vets, showed similar results—immature sperm in differing amounts. This being the case, the vets have no alternative but to declare the horse not fertile, at least

continued

in the stringent terms of the syndicate contract. The experts would like to hedge their findings, since Secretariat has been bred to four non-thoroughbred mares and two of three of these have been tested in foal. The outcome of the fourth breeding is still pending. But Lloyds does not want a qualified answer. It is demanding a yes or a no. The vets cannot stretch the truth enough to declare that Secretariat has perfectly normal sperm,

steroids. In the old days there was less racing, and horses could rest from October until March. Now with classic colts competing year-round, track veterinarians are pressed by trainers to keep their runners constantly in top shape. Not nearly enough study has been devoted to the effects of booster medication. Many trainers have no idea what a vet is using on their animals and could not care less as long as the treatment is legal. The vet,

coincidentally, sons of Bold Ruler, as is Secretariat), resident veterinarian Dr. Floyd Sager reported the presence of spermatogonia—immature sperm cells—in their semen.

In Reviewer's case, Dr. John MacLeod, now professor emeritus of anatomy at Cornell University Medical College of New York Hospital and by everyone's standards the world's foremost authority on male reproduction, was called in by one of the Claiborne vets, Dr. Walter Kaufman. MacLeod found no evidence of spermatogonia or any immature sperm cells in the slides or in the semen of Reviewer. There is now doubt in some minds—and there definitely is in the mind of Dr. MacLeod, though he has not been asked to look at the Secretariat and Riva Ridge slides—that what the Kentucky vets are identifying as spermatogonia in the two horses is not that at all.

"Semen," Dr. MacLeod explains, "is not always a criterion of a horse's fertility." Some colts, like Derby winner Tommy Lee, test well but then produce only race foals in six years. The real test is whether or not a stallion can get his mares in foal.

"There is a mystery in the Claiborne findings," MacLeod goes on. "I think they are imagining things and seem to be talking without facts. I do not think they are seeing spermatogonia at all, and the reason I don't think so is that these are the primordial—or granddaddy—of all cells in the testes. They lie deep down where they give rise to all the other germinal cells in the testes. Now if Claiborne vets saw spermatogonia in the ejaculate of these horses, it would mean to me that the testes of Secretariat and Riva Ridge had been subjected to such brutal insult that it would have rendered them totally sterile. If the claim is made that spermatogonia are present in the ejaculate, it is not likely that they are fertile animals."

Lloyds does not take defeat kindly, and if the syndicates try to collect on fertility insurance, the company is not going to pay up without a fight. For starters, it might call in Dr. MacLeod, who has been consulted on troublesome stallions—Twenty Grand, Alibhai and Capot, to name a few—for decades. And Lloyds will conduct its own investigation. If a man runs his yacht onto the rocks, the firm does not pay off without finding out, for example, if he was clutching a shak-

continued

A difference of opinion: Veterinarian Sager (left) vs. the world's fertility expert, MacLeod.

At the first hint of trouble with the Tweedy stallions, discussions began concerning the possible cause of the problem. Since both horses came from the same barn, Trainer Lucien Laurin was queried about medication used while at the track. He assured everyone that the champions had not received unusual or dangerous treatment.

This could be quite true, but questions are now being raised throughout racing about what is referred to as *usual* treatment. Increasingly, racehorses are receiving heavy doses of drugs, vitamins and

in turn, has little concern over the effects on the horse after his racing years are over. He figures there will be other vets to treat the horse at the breeding farm. Modern steroids do help thoroughbreds remain at their physical peaks, but few people know what effect this medication may have on the genitalia. Similarly, the repeated use of hormones may diminish a horse's breeding capacity.

But is Secretariat really less than he might be? Claiborne has had trouble with stallions before. A few years ago while testing Reviewer and Big Joker (both, in-

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er of martins in the wheelhouse. The worst that could happen would be for Lloyds to sue the Tweedy stable for mismanagement of the horses so as to render them incapable—or partially incapable—of breeding.

Not quite as bad a situation would be for Lloyds to pay off: the firm then would own the horses. It could sell them back to Penny Tweedy for further racing, sell them to anyone else who was interested or race them under the company colors, possibly in Europe.

The best that can happen is that both animals will be given more time to prove their fertility and that the contracts will be renegotiated. "It's tricky, but I'm not nervous," says Trainer John Nerud, whose Tartan Farms is a member of the Secretariat syndicate. "I'm sure he'll handle his mares and fill his book. I'll take my chances."

Virginia breeder Taylor Hardin, a member of only the Riva Ridge syndicate, takes another view: "I should have

gotten out at the first report, because now if we are given bad news on Riva, people like me have an awfully tough time trying to get a service to a proven stallion at such a late date. The breeding season has already begun."

"If you believe in Secretariat," says Elliott Burch, trainer for Paul Mellon, "you stay and take your chances. That's what we're doing."

The current crisis is causing a growing rift between young Seth Hancock and Penny Tweedy. It began on the day when Secretariat and Riva Ridge landed at Bluegrass Field in Lexington. When Mrs. Tweedy looked out the plane window and saw a large group of reporters, she was so angry that she declared she would not let the horses off the plane until they left. Later she relented but was snappish to those who tried, in vain, to interview her. Of course, Mrs. Tweedy did not get the least bit angry with the writer—Bill Nack, Secretariat's Boswell—she had brought on the plane.

Later, at the farm, the colts were tranquilized before they were turned out in their private paddocks. "We had to do it," said Claiborne Manager Bill Taylor. "You just don't turn out colts who are fresh off the track like that. They're liable to run through a fence or something." But, said Taylor, Mrs. Tweedy got angry about the tranquilization, which is a standard procedure on most farms. Taylor said she told people that the horses were not being treated properly, that the Claiborne staff was "inhumane." Later that month when Mrs. Tweedy visited Lexington to speak at a stud managers' course, she did not take the opportunity to go to Claiborne—12 miles away—to see the horses.

Last weekend Penny Tweedy was at her house in Long Island. Asked for comment on the status of Secretariat and Riva Ridge, she declared, "I think any discussion is premature. I have nothing to say." Nonetheless, a great deal is being said. **END**



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BERNZOMATIC

GENERATING ECLECTIC POWER

in recent months Lee Evans has been into vegetables, antiques, yoga, versifying, astrology and religion without losing track of his main pursuit—running for love and money
by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

In 1972, at the University of California's Kennedy Games, Lee Evans suffered a defeat that, by rights, he might simply have shrugged off. The night before in Los Angeles, Evans had been narrowly outrun in his 440-yard specialty by UCLA's John Smith. Dejected by that loss, Evans chose to pass up the quarter mile at Cal for a token appearance in the

220, an event in which he had never done particularly well. So it was no real disgrace when Evans, running as if the cinders in Berkeley's Edwards Stadium were freshly poured concrete, finished sixth.

But he was embarrassed just the same. Evans is a native of northern California and his family had gathered in the stands to picnic on fried chicken and watch him

fly. Afterward he listened with chagrin as his son Keith, then five, asked tearfully, "Daddy, why'd you let them beat you?" The question haunted Evans for weeks. "Let them!" he asked. "How do you tell a little boy you never let anybody beat you?"

The episode is of historic importance because it is probably the only time that Lee Evans has ever been called upon to defend his will to win. Eight years have elapsed since a teen-age Evans emerged as a world-beater and at least four since the first sportswriter called him "the grand old man of the quarter mile." Last year, as a professional, Evans became the leading money-winner of the International Track Association's first season. Sprinters, the ephemerals of track, generally stay on top a couple of years at most, which makes Evans seem a venerable, almost Biblical figure.

It is a shock, then, to realize that Evans will be a mere 27 on his birthday later this month. He is not only younger than one might imagine, but far gentler. Before a race Evans stalks, mutters and scowls with a frightful sullenness said to have driven a thoroughly psyched quarter-miler into early retirement a few years back. Out of earshot of the starter's pistol, by contrast, borhomse radiates from Evans' broad, fleshy, heavy-chinned features and his words take on the softness of the cotton he picked as a boy in the San Joaquin Valley. The Jekyll-and-Hyde transformation impressed Mike O'Hara, the ITA's youthful president, when he was introduced to Evans following the 1972 Olympics. "Lee looks so fierce I was almost afraid to meet him," O'Hara recalls. "I couldn't believe how polite and shy he turned out to be."

Evans' mild nature is the more striking considering that he has suffered, besides the agonies of growing up poor and black, such misfortunes as divorce, the drowning of a brother and the lash of public controversy. He also, unapologetically, leads an almost nomadic existence, as if in the hope that further woe will



FOR INNER PEACE, Evans assumes a meditation position in his Redwood City house

not hit a moving target. His present residence, a rented house south of San Francisco in Redwood City, is his fifth in barely two years, and his jobs and pastimes change as often as his Zip Code. One moment Evans will be "checking out" witchcraft; the next he will be "into" vegetarianism; another moment his "thing" will be writing sentimental verse. The unlikelyst such undertaking occurred last year when Evans, moonlighting from pro track, became, briefly, the world's fastest antique dealer.

Although he talked of having found his life's work, the antique shop he started in San Francisco in February failed by October. The shop, a *Secondhand Rose* jumble of antiques that Evans picked up at flea markets and estate sales, was located in the Mission District, an area of cheap cafeterias and bars. Across the street was Frenchy's, a pornography shop. While true antique fanciers continued to browse at the tony shops on Union Street, Evans' store attracted mostly winos and pensioners.

Evans still drives the panel truck he used for hauling bric-a-brac and he sleeps in a Victorian bed with a mirrored headboard, which was among his wares. But he doesn't mourn the shop's closing. "I've always liked beautiful old things," he shrugs. "But those lonely guys from the neighborhood depressed me. Besides, I lose interest in things. Frankly, I was relieved to get out of there."

Uncommitted though Evans may be otherwise, his devotion to track is necessarily single-minded. His flat-out speed is only middling and his blocky 5'11" build calls to mind the old oak furniture he sold in his shop. When he runs his shoulders roll, his arms flail and his head bobs like a marionette's. But he compensates with strength and conditioning. "I've always worked harder than other guys," he says. This pays off, in particular, when he comes out of the final curve, the moment in the quarter mile when the body numbs, the mind fogs.

"I've got more fluid speed but Lee's got desire and momentum," John Smith said at the height of their rivalry. "At the final curve, he's always there." Bert Nelson, publisher of *Track & Field News*, says, "Lee gets more out of his abilities than any athlete I've seen." And Jim Terrell, a former coach and now ITA open-

ations director, calls Evans "the most competitive trackman in history. I used to think that about Glenn Davis but Lee's got him beat."

His taste for competition sets Evans apart from those of different appetite. After graduating from San Jose State in 1969, he returned to teach physical education and help coach track. As some of the younger trackmen dallied at workouts, Evans' gentleness deserted him. "If I'd had an Olympic champion willing to help me, I'd have worked my butt off," he said. He quit coaching, explaining, "I was afraid I was going to hit one of those spoiled brats."

Alert to social inequities, Evans sometimes seems to waver between laughter and tears. Eyes twinkling, he says, "There are white guys who could run faster than me, only they're too busy making \$100,000 a year on Wall Street." Or he asks, slyly, "Ever notice how track trophies all have gold-plated Caesars on top?" Soon after he became a professional, a conscience-stricken Evans began telling reporters that he had run for pay all along, having routinely accepted under-the-table payments from promoters. Such practices are widespread but seldom had anybody so freely admitted them. "Man, I couldn't even

continue



FOR INDOOR PRIZES, Evans limbers up in preparation for the professional track season.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED KAPLAN

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Almost everyone going fishing today has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** No. He's called "The Ole Skipper" by his landlord and the finance company. Gimmick: Never sails without a good tide, fair winds, and his rubber ducks. His hand-drawing cigarettes are like a cheap lighthouse—they blink twice, then go out. **2.** Nope. He's Tim Idol, known as "The Codfather." Gimmick: Takes no chances. Even sneers shark repellent all over himself—doesn't know it's really meat tenderizer.

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spell amateur," he said. "I kept putting the 'u' before the 'e.'"

There is a random quality about Evans' outspokenness that makes it all the more disarming. When he took to wearing his hair in "corn rows" a while ago—an intricately braided style fashionable among young blacks—he cheerfully admitted that his mother and girl friend, Barbara McCleod, took turns as his hairdresser. "I know it doesn't sound cool to have your mother do your hair," he says, "but I'm proud of it."

It is a heartfelt grievance of Evans that too much cash and glory in track goes to those he calls "the white glamour boys," meaning, on the ITA circuit, the Jim Ryun and Bob Seagren. He recently was expounding indignantly on this theme when a white listener noted that Kip Keino, a black ITA performer, was a glamour boy, too.

Evans readily agreed. Cheerfully, he volunteered that another black trackman, Ralph Boston, had landed a telecaster's job. "I'm real happy for Ralph," he said, ending the conversation.

Evans surely would have retired had not the ITA come along. Instead, he signed a three-year contract and joined, besides Ryun, Seagren and Keino, such other barnstorming pros as the Dallas Cowboys' Bob Hayes and the ITA's surprise superstar, shotputter Brian Oldfield, a merry giant who became the unlikely sex symbol since Henry Kissinger. When the pro circuit opens its second season Feb. 15 in Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, its ranks will be bolstered by the likes of Ben Jipcho, Rod Milburn and Steve Smith. Prize money will be higher this year than last and ABC-TV will cover at least three meets. In April the ITA journeys to Tokyo's Olympic Stadium, then moving outdoors and overseas for the first time.

Off the first season's showing, pro track's survival prospects seem somewhat brighter than most observers originally believed. The ITA lost money last year but O'Hara says, "The amount was about what we expected." Although poor advance work sometimes held down attendance, most meets were crisply run, with such crowd-pleasing innovations as pacer lights patterned after greyhound racing's mechanical rabbit. And it came as a sign of public acceptance of sorts when Warren Edmonson reported receiving a \$5,000 offer to throw a 60-yard dash in Los Angeles.

But it was the quarter mile—ranging, actually, from 440 yards to 600 meters—that drew the ITA's deepest field. Running variously against 1972 gold medalist Vince Matthews, ex-Villanova star Larry James and Edmonson, Evans found himself in barnburners at nearly every meet, the most scorching being the 440 in the season finale in Madison Square Garden last June. The meet was gratifying to the ITA because it drew a crowd of 15,501 and crucial to Evans, whose victory, his 12th in 16 races, clinched a \$6,000 grand prize as the tour's outstanding quarter-mile.

The \$6,000 raised Evans' total win-



EVFUL BARBARA MCLEOD CLEANS EYE

nings to \$13,900. This was not enough to keep his antique shop afloat—but for once it put him ahead of the glamour boys. "The money wasn't bad considering we ran weekends only for just three months," Evans says. "Besides, it's more than I ever made as an amateur."

Driving along a busy California highway, Evans suddenly exclaimed, "Hey, that's how my father always looked after work." A middle-aged black man in work clothes was walking beside the road, his face powdered white like a surrealistic takeoff on Al Jolson in blackface.

Lee's parents moved to Oregon 18 months ago. Dayton Evans, a semiretired hod carrier, has undergone two opera-

tions for eye damage caused by cement dust. As a boy in Fresno, Lee wondered why his father always came home from work tired. After becoming a world-class athlete, he visited him on the job. "His wheelbarrow was full of cement," Evans says. "I couldn't budge it." Employment was seasonal for the elder Evans and it was to flesh out the family's income that his wife Pearl Mae took their seven children into the cotton fields. The youngsters sang spirituals to take their minds off the back-breaking toil under a withering sun. "I laugh when track guys complain about how hard they work," Evans says. "Pick 250 pounds of cotton in 100' heat, man, that's work."

Friends have advised Evans not to talk about his experience in the cotton fields, arguing that it conjures up images of slavery. "For what we got paid, it was slavery," he replies. Far from keeping quiet, he has told of the time he brought his cotton to he weighed and watched helplessly as the white boss cheated him. The boss lifted his foot under the scale, which lightened the load, and he glowered at the young boy. "I was scared they'd send the whole family away, so I didn't say anything," says Evans. "I've always been ashamed of that."

The Evans family, parents included, often held footraces in front of their house, which was surrounded by peach orchards. It was, by all accounts, a marvelous spectacle, the nine Evanses kicking up dust as the family pet—half dog, half coyote—scampered alongside. The swiftest was Doug Evans, the eldest child, who was an outstanding football player at Fresno's Central Union High. Lee, the fourth eldest, idolized him, which made it all the sadder when Doug went to prison for passing bad checks.

"I was about 15 and he was maybe 20," Lee remembers. "The prison was in the country and I'd visit him weekends. I'd say, 'Doug, you blew your thing, but I ain't going to blow my thing.' Doug was bruising, man. He could have been an NFL linebacker."

About that time the Evanses moved to San Jose and Lee came to occupy a place of high respect within the family, but whether because he succeeded or suffered is not clear. "Lee's so understanding you want to cry," Rosemary, a younger sister, once said. "He's been through so much, he knows how to help other people with their problems."

Lee at times seems almost like a god-

continued

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father to his large clan. "Got any autographed pictures of yourself?" Donald, a younger brother, asked one afternoon before Lee moved to San Francisco to become an antique dealer.

"What for?"

"The doctor wants one. Says he won't charge anything for sewing me up." Donald held up his left palm, which was embroidered with the 17 stitches it took to close a wound made by a broken bottle.

Lee rose and walked to a cupboard, returning with a glossy action photo. "Write something good," Donald said. "I might get hurt again."

Later that afternoon, as Lee worked out at San Jose State's Bud Winter Field, Doug Evans pulled up in a Camaro Doug, who became a sheetrock delivery man instead of an NFL linebacker, was huskier than Lee and wore a bristling goatee flecked with gray. Lee greeted him and Doug peeled a \$20 bill from a thick bankroll. He pressed it on his younger brother, who was low at the time.

Doug, not Lee, might have passed for the *padrone* just then but he declined the role. "Yeah, I'm the oldest," he said after Lee returned to the track, "but we all look up to Lee. He's been to college and visited more places. I think of him as the head of the family." Doug watched his brother run awhile, then drove off.

In the 1968 Olympics Evans won two gold medals, and his 43.8 for 400 meters remains one of four world records he holds today. But his memories of Mexico are mixed. "The hate mail was this thick," he says, holding his hands eight inches apart. "There were letters saying, 'We'll kill you niggers.' One contained fake tickets to Africa. It said there'd be watermelon patches on the boat."

The death threats by white racists came in response to the threatened boycott of the '68 Games by U.S. blacks, a cause that Evans, 21 and fired by black pride, espoused enthusiastically. He was upset by the mail but was pained even more by the actions of his fellow blacks following the subsequent ouster from the Olympics of San Jose State teammates Tommie Smith and John Carlos. In a tableau almost as famous as the flag raising on two Jims, Smith and Carlos, one-three finishers in the 200 meters, brandished clenched, black-gloved fists during *The Star-Spangled Banner*. After his win in the 400 two days later, Evans mounted the same victory stand in a

Black Panther-style beret and black socks. But he wore no black glove and he bowed his head during the national anthem and for these sins he was vilified by many blacks.

In his book *The Revolt of the Black Athlete*, Harry Edwards, the San Jose State lecturer who had organized the boycott movement, acknowledged Evans' early support but accused him of having tried to "stand up and be counted on both sides at once." Others of his race called Lee an Uncle Tom and in San Jose he went uninvited to rallies honoring Smith and Carlos. Evans at first accepted a community-relations job in San Jose and then, realizing it involved working with the police, turned it down. The damage was done. Carlos publicly referred to Lee as "Mr. Cop." He called Lee's wife Linda "Mrs. Cop" and Keith "Junior Cop." Linda felt her husband had embarrassed her, a strain partly responsible for their subsequent divorce.

"I wish I'd done what Tommie and John did," Evans has agonized. "I should've been more militant." At another moment, though, he has said, "I'm too much of an individual to do what others do. That's why I run track instead of play football." Evans muses that Bob Beamon, Willie Davenport and other U.S. blacks had not worn berets on the victory stand, much less black gloves. "But nobody expected anything of them."

Wounded and confused, Evans lived faster than he ran after the '68 Games, spending much of his time in the streets. To the dismay of his old high school coach, Stan Dowell, under whom he was training, he was moody at workouts, only going through the motions. "Lee was hard to get along with after Mexico," Dowell recalls.

His mother says that as a boy Lee loved flowers and plants and "was always asking questions about God." He also daydreamed, prompting his fifth-grade teacher to complain, "You're here, Lee Evans, but you're not here." Evans still daydreams, only now he calls it "space." He enjoys suspense movies, walking out in protest "if the mystery's too easy to figure out." He believes in ghosts and before a race superstitiously snaps off exactly one dozen jumping jacks. After the '68 Games he turned to astrology. "It helps me understand myself," he explained. "I'm a Pisces, which is why I'm friendly and able to concentrate.

It's also why I sometimes feel so low."

Divorced in 1971, Lee roomed for six months with a younger brother, Dayton Jr., who urged him, "Don't be dissipating yourself. You've got Muttch to get ready for." Early in 1972 Lee and Tommie Smith rented a small house on a dead-end street a few blocks from the courthouse in which Angela Davis was on trial for murder. One day Lee came home and found Smith acting strangely preoccupied.

"Did Dayton go fishing today?" Evans asked.

It was, he still believes, a psychic occurrence. That afternoon 23-year-old Dayton Evans had been fishing in the hills above San Jose when his line was swept away. He removed his jeans, dived in and disappeared. Following Lee's Olympic ordeal and divorce, his brother's drowning, oddly, gave him a renewed sense of purpose. In his grief he remembered the importance Dayton had attached to the 1972 Olympics and resolved to become the first male sprinter ever to win gold medals at successive Games.

"I carry Dayton's memory in every race," Evans said in his living room in San Jose a month before the '72 Olympic Trials. Tommie Smith was mowing the front lawn and the sound mingled with the strains of Richie Havens' *I Can't Make It Here Alone* on the stereo. The song had been a favorite of Dayton's, and Lee had turned it on before sitting down to talk.

"I'm not using Dayton for strength," he went on. "It's just that the Olympics was something he wanted for me." Evans said that he had recently begun attending the Church of Christ again. He had lapsed into agnosticism in college but now he agreed with his mother, who said of Dayton's drowning, "That's the way God meant it to be." In his living room Evans shrugged and said, "So now I believe in God and astrology. There's no conflict, though."

An hour later Evans and Smith were working out at San Jose State. Unlike Carlos or Edwards, Smith had stood by Evans after the '68 Games. He had picked cotton in the San Joaquin Valley as a boy, too, and he called Evans and himself "just a couple of country dudes." After his workout, Smith spoke with a mildness that made it hard to credit the turmoil he and Carlos had caused four years before.

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in Mexico," Smith said. "Lee caught it from both sides. He ran after I did, so he was on the spot. After Mexico he was in bad shape" he held a hand at his neck. "From here up. But look at him now." Evans, on the track, was huffing like a locomotive, his face twisted with determination. "He's ready," Smith said.

Nearby, Stan Dowell agreed. "What a stud," he marveled.

In 1972 Evans took his fifth AAU title in seven years and compiled the best won-lost record of leading quarter-milers. Just before the Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore., he suffered a pinched nerve in his back. Wearing a naacrame bracelet containing a gold coin that had been found in Dayton Evans' jeans, Lee placed fourth, which left him out of the open 400. It was his worst quarter-mile finish in seven years.

But the fourth place earned Evans a berth on the 1,600-meter relay team, which was a cinch to win a gold medal. Anticipating the medal ceremony, he put Mexico far behind by allowing that he would stand at attention in Munich, adding pointedly, "If somebody else wants to hurt down the victory stand, let them." Then Matthews and Wayne Collett, one-two in the 400, chanted and slouched during the national anthem. They might as well have burned down the victory stand; their suspension forced the U.S. to scratch from the 1,600 relay. In the far greater tragedy that stalked the 1972 Olympics, Evans' fate was overlooked. He didn't miss a beat like Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, nor did he fall in a heap on the brick-red track like Jim Ryan, but he didn't get to run, either. Kenya won the relay.

Evans later had an astrologer chart his horoscope for the Trials. His Mercury was found to have retrograded into his sun sign, a most unfortunate aspect. And Pearl Mac Evans said, "That's the way God meant it to be." Lee was right: there was no conflict between astrology and religion.

Heads turned as Old Grad Lee Evans strode across San Jose State's shady campus. His undergraduate uniform had been Bermuda shorts and sneakers but look at him now: white bellis, platform shoes, body shirt twice unbuttoned. Crossing a lawn, he said wistfully, "Some of these coeds have just taken Evans. They're looking for ways to relax."

continued

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ECLECTIC POWER *continued*

Evans stopped in the athletic department, where he and two coaches reminded him of oldtimers around a potbelly stove. Somebody asked about Tommie Smith, now track coach at Ohio's Oberlin College. Evans reported that Tommie had offered a scholarship to a younger brother only to have Eugene Smith, a long-jumper, opt for Cal Berkeley. "Recruiting is tough when you can't even sign your own brother," Evans said and the coaches laughed.

During the ride back to San Francisco, Evans said, "I've gone through some tough things, but to me I'm still the best quarter-miler in the world, so it's cool. But now I've got to worry about the future. That's why I don't want to get tied down yet. I got to check out a lot of things. I like to see what's going on. If I dig it somewhere, I'll settle down."

Besides coaching, teaching physical education and peddling antiques, Evans also, briefly, counseled students at San Jose's Silver Creek High School, where he came under the fatherly influence of Allen Hopewell, now the school's principal. After Evans left the school Hopewell continued to advise him, urging him to consider a corporate career and to improve himself as a public speaker.

"To succeed you've got to be able to communicate," Hopewell said one day when Evans visited the high school. The older man's advice evidently went beyond careers. As Evans was leaving Hopewell's office, a schoolgirl in a yellow dress sidled up and asked, "Where you living now, Lee?"

"Never mind where he's living," Hopewell scolded. To Evans he said, "Don't be messing with high school girls, Lee." Evans winked at the girl.

Evans eventually ruled out a corporate job, reasoning that his "Pisces nature" made him too restless for a nine-to-five existence. Another career he briefly contemplated was forestry management. More recently he has talked vaguely of moving to Europe or Africa and exporting antiques to the U.S. "Maybe I'll live in Italy," he said in the car. "I don't always want to be counting on how fast I can make my legs move around a track."

Evans may still be the world's best quarter-miler, but who can say for sure? Old nemesis John Smith was on the Dallas Cowboy taxi squad last year. Matthews was recovering from ulcer surgery. And the enigmatic Martin McGrady was

AWOL. McGrady, another ex-San Jose star, rarely consented to run against Evans under the open sky, yet so dominated their classic 600-yard indoor rivalry that he was nicknamed Chairman of the Boards. McGrady accepted an ITA bonus last year, then wavered. Contemplating the lost investment, Mike O'Hara says equably, "Martin McGrady is very ghostlike."

Evans grieves that, as a pro, he cannot compete against inspiring quarter-milers like Benny Brown or West Germany's Karl Hinz. He cannot really test himself against posterity, either: the narrow indoor surfaces on which the ITA operates cause congestion that makes strategy and the proficient elbow as important as speed.

In his eclectic fashion, Evans has lately taken up yoga, which he claims makes him a better runner than ever. Stepping off the track where he had fared so poorly in the 1972 Kennedy Games, Evans recently said, "They think I was mean last year. This year I'm really going to stomp some guys." It was nearly dusk and lights twinkled in the Berkeley hills. A chesty little man, a professor perhaps, puffed along the track, passing two barefoot, hairless coeds whose hoop earrings swayed as they ran.

Out of the pack jogged a grinning fellow who had been a friend of Dayton Evans Jr. "Still running track, Lee?" he asked. Considering that Evans was wearing sweats and perspiring from a five-mile workout, the greeting fell squarely into the realm of small talk. Addressed as it was to the ITA's leading money-winner, it further suggested that pro track, if all its promise, had not yet strangled itself indelibly on the public mind.

The two chatted and the other fellow said, "Say 'hi' to your brother."

Evans nodded. When the stranger was gone, Lee grimaced and whispered, "It's hard to tell a guy your brother's dead."

Walking across the infield Evans was asked about the green-and-orange sweat suit he was wearing. "It belonged to a sprinter from Senegal," he replied. "We traded warmup suits in Munich after the competition was over." He reached the street outside the stadium and paused. He seemed, once again, suspended between laughter and tears. "With all the running I got to do in Munich," he said at last, "I could have given the guy my suit even before those damned Olympics began."

END



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DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN— BY SHIPLET

A yachtsman who turned to power after triumphant years under sail writes of his Home Afloat II, a small ship with all the comforts of a shore dwelling and a cruising range of 4,000 miles

by CARLETON MITCHELL

So there I was, swinging at anchor in those idyllic harbors of the Virgin Islands, basking in sunshine atop the flying bridge of *Sons Terre*, and already I was being unfaithful to her. From rumor it was ever thus with sailors: no matter how pleased one is with his present love, there is always a new one over the horizon—the quest for the perfect ship never ends.

Sons Terre had come into my life in Hong Kong, and we had enjoyed a honeymoon cruise that stretched from the smog of California past desert vistas of Mexico to lush jungle hideaways in the isthmus of Panama, thence out to the twisted lava and bizarre life forms of the Galapagos before beginning a re-exploration of the Caribbean. Some 15,000 miles of open ocean lay astern, and I had neither complaint nor regret. Yet as our wake lengthened, so too did a file marked Project Home Afloat II.

On making the transition from sail to power—from three-time winner of the Bermuda Race *Finisterra* to a 42-foot Grand Banks diesel yacht whose profile bespoke fisherman lineage—I had written (SI, Feb. 3, 1969) that what I sought "was a marine conveyance, seaworthy, easy to handle and with range enough to undertake extended passages—at the same time one that offered creature comforts comparable to a small bungalow on the shore." *Sons Terre* qualified. And she also convinced me that abandoning the struggle with flogging canvas for the push-button convenience of diesel engines was not merely a time of life, as most of my sailing cronies cynically averred, but a way of life. Aboard, I enjoyed the same mysterious communion with the sea, but with more leisure for personal pleasures—skin diving, writing, reading, amateur radio, beachcombing, or just a-settin' and a-thinkin'.

My new craft would have to be larger, I told myself, for a variety of reasons. Size was not necessarily a matter of safety, as witness lifeboats surviving a foundering ship, but it is a factor of comfort, both for the individual and in the behavior of the vessel. Then, too, there would have to be space for many books, and photographic equipment, and research material, and music, and an ample cellar—pardon, hulk—for the storage of wine, the whole prehestituted to an existence balanced between creativity and *la dolce vita*. One thing added size was not intended to provide was people space: six aboard on long

passages would be the maximum, with the goal of operational capability single-handed, if need be.

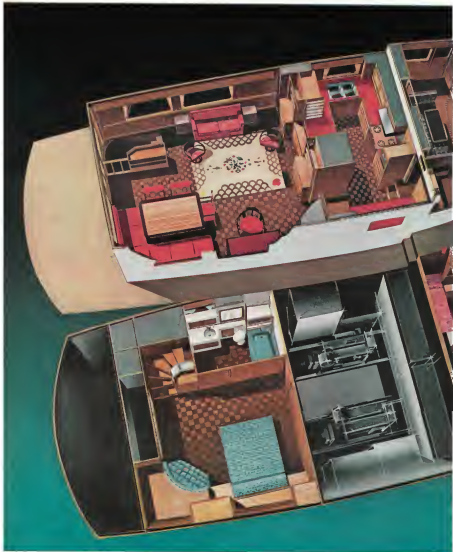
The first consideration was hull form. Experience in motorboats demonstrated that the most important feature would be ability to run off before cresting seas. Even in semi-sheltered waters I had watched gleaming yachts of the America's Cup spectator fleets come perilously close to broaching when homeward bound before moderate afternoon sou'wester. Typical design consists of a sharp V-sectioned bow, theoretically to cut the water, a rounded or less extreme V-section amidships for easy motion, and a flatted stern for higher speed. The combination works in pleasant weather, but let gale-driven crests build beyond the height of the freeboard of the bow and the skipper has no choice but to run before the seas. The sharp bow sections then dive into the back of the preceding wave, the overtaking wall of water lifts and slews the flat stern in the process called breaching, and there is the fatal possibility of being rolled over by the crest.

The one shape I knew that seemed to truck in any conditions was the constant deadrise hull—the "deep-V" designed by Ray Hunt and popularized by Dick Bertram where the same underwater form extends from bow to stern. Originally intended for lightweight powerboats capable of planing speeds, it was equally trustworthy when slowed, as I knew from running before towering mistral seas in the Mediterranean aboard my little Bertram 25, *Pied-à-Terre*. A 75-foot custom version weathered a whole gale when throttled back to displacement speeds in the notorious Bay of Biscay, and her crew of English fishermen compared her behavior to a North Sea dragger's. I asked myself why the constant deadrise concept could not be applied to a heavy hull. The generally accepted maximum efficient speed for displacement vessels is 1.34 times the square root of the waterline length, or 10.21 knots on the 58 feet I envisioned, with an even lower long-range cruising speed. Obviously, then, my dream ship would not be fast, but as *Sons Terre* had taught me, why be in a hurry when you are happy where you are?

Other deterrents to speed would be drag aft, in the form of extra-large rudders for low-speed tracking, plus protection for the propellers from the incres-

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SHIPLET continued

decided upon the Latin version: now, 20 years later, the translation seemed to sum up everything I was trying to achieve.

Land's End would be beamy—I have always liked fat boats—and she would be capable of long passages, hopefully safely and in comfort, albeit at a leisurely pace. She would incorporate every navigational aid and modern convenience possible to cram aboard. As many back-up systems as possible would be provided: two diesel engines, two generators, two electrical systems, two forms of stabilizers. Not minding the soporific beat of main engines through stern exhausts when underway, but detesting generators at anchor, every effort would be made to eliminate a constant demand for electricity. Cooking would be done by propane gas stowed in vented receptacles on the upper deck, with a remotely controlled shut-off valve showing warning lights in both galley and wheelhouse; large "hold-plates" in freezer and refrigerator would be engineered to require power less than two hours per day, during which time batteries for lighting and ship's equipment would be charged.

Then came the problem of how and where to put it all together. The question was unexpectedly answered during a dinner with John Newton of American Marine, Ltd., whose Hong Kong yard had built *Sans Terre*. Knowing the firm had long specialized in the production of stock Grand Banks and Alaskan cruisers to the exclusion of custom yachts, I had queried elsewhere. Suddenly I heard John saying that American Marine would build for me the vessel I wanted: I could collaborate with their naval architect, Robert S. Dorris, with the understanding that *Land's End* might possibly become the prototype of a new and larger addition to the Grand Banks family. Conferences began next morning. As my nebulous vision took form on paper, Bob Dorris combined meticulous engineering with the eye of an artist, producing a lovely sweeping sheer and receding upper deck line that avoided the boxy look of most so-called trawler yachts. Dick Luckey of Newport Beach, whom I considered a wizard in his field, was called upon for an electrical system sophisticated but simple to operate.

Meanwhile, in Hong Kong, Whit Newton, John's brother, was assembling special sizes of timber. Except for mahogany planking and yucca keel and frames, *Land's End* would be of teak.

continued



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When these processes—or others like them—prove commercially successful, they will enable industry to burn much more coal, freeing large quantities of oil and natural gas for other uses.

Coal's future.

The long-range success of Exxon's gasification, liquefaction and desulfurization projects depends on improving the technology and getting the costs down. As these problems are solved America will need more and more coal.

Last year, U.S. coal mines produced 603 million tons. If coal is to play a key role in filling the energy

gap, production will have to more than double by 1985, and continue to increase rapidly thereafter. This means that environmental questions, primarily those of strip mining, must be resolved.

Exxon has already invested tens of millions of dollars in coal conversion and desulfurization research. In the years ahead we plan to spend many times this amount.

Coal is one of America's most important natural resources. We must waste no time putting it to use.



Heat and pressure applied in the right way can convert a 4-pound piece of coal into about 1 quart of synthetic crude oil or about 30 cubic feet of synthetic gas.





Own a bottle.

It's worth the price
to have at least one thing in your life
that's absolutely perfect.
Tanqueray Gin, a singular experience.

When I arrived in Hong Kong in April 1972—a year after my first design session with Boh Dorris—her frames seemed to tower to the rafters of the building shed, the gaunt skeleton of a monster I wondered if I would be able to tame. It had taken 200 men to wrestle the stem into place, Whit mentioned casually. My first reaction was sheer fright. Then came almost another year of painstaking craftsmanship by American Marine; even now I am daily awed by the multiplicity of minute details in the sum total. Few builders could put together so many complex systems; none could surpass the cub-network below. There are no painted or plastic surfaces; all cabins are paneled in softly rubbed teak, soles are teak parquet. Interior decorator Billy Baldwin contributed the finishing touches.

Yet beauty counts for naught on a bad night offshore. *Land's End* as yet has encountered no ultimate storms, but her behavior in a seaway augurs well if worse comes. By combining an overall length of 62' 8", 20' 10" of beam, and a loaded draft of 6' 8" with scantlings to Lloyd's highest specifications, her displacement is a rather astronomic 193,984 pounds. The capacious maw accommodates 3,000 gallons of diesel fuel, 1,200 gallons of water (supplemented by a seawater distillation plant and upper-deck drains that can funnel rainwater to the tanks). An unexpected bonus stemmed from my desire to stick to displacement speeds and minimize generator time. *Land's End* requires less than one-fifth the fuel of many vessels of comparable length but far less interior space. At a comfortable 8.6 knots her twin Caterpillar D333C naturally aspirated diesels burn 9.92 gallons per hour for a range of 2,600 nautical miles; slowed to seven knots—fast to an ex-windjammer—range jumps to 4,000 miles, enough to cross the Atlantic or spend a year island-hopping.

For a long time after launching I felt a sense of incompleteness as a proper definition of *Land's End* eluded me. The phrase "trawler yacht" had lost its appeal through misuse, being applied to floating contrivances ranging from camouflaged houseboats to planing hulls. Then I came across "shippelette," a forgotten 16th century term whose modernized form of "shiplet" is still sanctioned by the Oxford English Dictionary. So now I have the last piece in the mosaic: *Land's End*, SHIPLET—verily, "a small ship."

END



Why the shape?

Unique Kodak design for sharp, steady movies, without movie lights.



Steady Stance

Wide Angle Lens

Of all the cameras that take low-light movies, only Kodak XL movie cameras have a special binocular shape. So they're easier to hold steady. They also have a wide-angle lens. So they take in more of a scene in close—just the thing for the confines of the average living room.

Drop in Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film and get sharp, colorful movies—in ordinary room light, without movie lights. From less than \$190 at your photo dealer's. The XL55 (shown) with power zoom is less than \$215. Look for the special shape. Only Kodak has it.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Kodak XL movie cameras/ Ektachrome 160 movie film

A candid comparison 1974 Chevelle



The Chevelle Malibu Classic.



As you can see, this is not our year for peas in a pod.

Which is significant. Not only for us, but for you. Because it means that your range of selection within the practical mid-size field is wide this year, and very clear, the way it should be.

Take the two Chevelles pictured here.

You see an inch or so between them, but in fact they are lifestyles apart. They have entirely different personalities.

Let's see which fits you best, beginning with the one on the left.

Why name it the "Classic"?

To put it simply, the word Classic means a "work of enduring quality."

And we expect this new Chevelle to be just that.

Inside you'll find deep full-foam seating. With a fold-down center armrest up front.

Underfoot, there is cut-pile carpeting. In hand, a soft-rimmed and color-keyed steering wheel. Across the instrument panel, simulated wood-grain. And to either side, even the door panels are handsomely dressed. So you're surrounded with luxurious appointments.

Yet for all this comfort, Malibu Classic remains mid-priced.

Classic on the one hand. Mid-priced on the other.

A sensible automotive balance.

More than styling. Character.

When a car leaves you feeling good about its looks, that's styling.

When a car leaves you feeling good about yourself, that's character.



We believe the Malibu Classic is a car with character.

What's more, we believe its character is so clearly defined that it comes through even here, in just a few photographs.

Look at the car again.

We want the particulars to impress you, certainly: the new grid-patterned grille, the coupe's new coach window, the distinctive stand-up hood ornament, the smart, rectangular setting for the headlights.

But most important, we hope you'll simply sense the poise that's here.

Notice the personality. In the lines. The stance. The general attitude of this car.

The new Malibu Classic is, we think you'll agree, as classic outside as it is inside.

Quite a package. For a car so very sensible.



between the and the 1974 Chevelle.



The Chevelle Laguna Type S-3.



Our new sporty Chevelle.

What a sense of luxury is to Malibu Classic, a sense of sportiness is to Laguna Type S-3.

It's what the car is all about. Again, look at the photographs. Its sportiness, you see, is something rich and tasteful. Something right at home with features like swivel bucket seats and a 4-spoke steering wheel. Something to let you enjoy, today more than ever before, every single mile you drive.

Because some people look at it this way: if you have to drive less, you have a right to enjoy it more.

All this. All standard.

Begin with steel-belted radials. On 15" Rally wheels and trim rings. Then work your way up. Laguna gives you radial-tuned

Full Coil suspension. Special front stabilizer. Rear stabilizer. Special shocks. Variable-ratio power steering.

Now add the swivel bucket seats and 4-spoke Sport steering wheel. Dual sport mirrors. Simulated wood-grain accent for the instrument cluster. Cut-pile carpeting.

Across the front, every Laguna sports a urethane-covered front assembly that retracts on minor impact. Even up high, around headlights and grille. Even down low, where Laguna's body stripes begin. One on each side.

All this. And more. All standard.

With forward half vinyl roof and louvered coach windows available as a sport roof option.



The Chevelle between the pictures.

There is, of course, a third Chevelle for 1974. No less than the most popular name in mid-size history: the Chevelle Malibu.

The character of the 1974 Malibu lies somewhere between the two Chevelles pictured at the top. It's sporty, yes. But not markedly so. And it's comfortable. Yet not luxurious.

In fact, for 1974, Malibu is priced to be the most inexpensive of all Chevelles to buy.

What better way to keep it the most popular name in mid-size history?

Now that you've looked, we invite you to see.

We invite you to come in and drive the 1974 Chevelles.

Malibu Classic. Laguna Type S-3. And yes, the new Malibu. At your Chevrolet dealer's, of course.

CHEVROLET
MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA.

Chevrolet

Have one of mine.

Get hold of
honest taste.
Have an
Old Gold.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Valuable Gift Stars
Coupons, too.

11 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Sept. 72

◆ The combination of Miami Dolphin Coach **Don Shula** and **Chris Evert** might appear to be unbeatable in a charity tennis match, but on the court Shula is described as having "all the moves of a dump truck." And against Dolphin Defensive Back **Tim Foley** and **Ching Ling Chang**, a member of the Virginia Slims circuit, Shula and Miss Evert were defeated decisively, 3-1. "Go ahead, you explain how we beat them," Foley said, nodding to Ching Ling. Miss Chang was able to answer very briefly. "We tried to keep the ball away from Chris," she said.



Richard Sandilands, a 30-year-old Edmonton dentist, revealed something about the relationship between a man and his dog recently. Shortly after his black Lab named Sam won an award as Canada's champion Labrador retriever, Sandilands informed a reporter that he had turned down an offer of \$12,000 for Sam. "I could sell my wife for that, but not my dog," he said. Wife Margorie was piqued, to say the least, when she caught hubby's valuation of her in the Edmonton *Journal*. Sandilands admitted he made the remark, but added weakly, "The reporter put the wrong emphasis on it." He's got to have a better mouth than that to retrieve his bird.

Fearless Manzini, a Philadelphia escape artist (that's a joke right there, Sonny), should have suspected it wasn't going to be his day when his white tights seemed too loose and his crash helmet got jammed over his ears. Even so, he was going to go through with this little trick—being suspended handcuffed and strait-jacketed and upside down from a 90-foot crane above Philly's JFK Plaza. The rope would be set afire, giving Manzini from seven to 10 minutes to astound one and all by surviving the predicament. At the end of seven

awkward minutes, it became apparent from Manzini's anguished cries that he was neither Houdini nor fearless. He pleaded to be lowered before the rope parted. Boos from the spectators. After Manzini went up again and escaped within two minutes—but without the handcuffs and burning rope—his agent tried to convince the crowd that Manzini had lived up to his billing. Then, taking Fearless aside, he told him, "Boy, you're really a jerk. You shouldn't have let them put handcuffs on you in the first place."

◆ **Boris Spassky**, playing the white knight, rode into New York and in a simultaneous battle with 41 local pawnslingers at Chess City won 32, drew eight and lost one. The youngest challenger, 6-year-old Robert LeDorre of Woodcliff Lake, N.J., said he had been playing for a year and a half and expected to win "if Spassky makes the first mistake." The mistake was Robert's, which he may have anticipated. Before play he presented the Russian with a pair of Las Vegas chess dice, explaining gamely, "For your son."

A bill urging Interior Secretary Rogers Morton to place the Australian kangaroo on the list of

endangered species has been tossed into the hopper of the Maryland State Legislature by Delegates **S. Frank Shore** and **Joseph Sachs** in hopes, they said, that the kangaroo would be valued for more than "athletic shoes and pet food." Alas, the English language seemed more endangered than the species. One legislator said that a solid majority was "in the pouch," but a dissenter said, "I have just been told the Governor is going to exercise his pocket veto on this." It's enough to make a man roo polities.

Dick Smith, U.S. diving coach in the 1968 Olympics and a former coach at Arizona State and the Air Force Academy, was one of but five survivors of the Pago Pago plane crash that killed 96 persons. He dived out of the plane and suffered only a black eye and minor bruises. Smith, who was known for demonstrating and teaching technique by diving into sand pits, happily credits that training with saving his life.

Dan Aleksiewicz, a half back, has been signed to a contract by the San Diego Chargers. His assets

include a nine-yards-per-carry average for a minor league football team called the Albany (N.Y.) Mallers, and his status three years ago as the nation's leading college-division runner. And that name. It isn't as difficult as it seems. Just refer to him as Don A-to-Z. A lot of people do.

Larry James, former Villanova and Olympic star and now a member of the pro track tour, got caught with his pants down—or up, if you look at it another way—in a Jesse Owens-style race against a horse and a 1931 Model A Ford roadster. James started from the quarter pole at Bowie Race Course. The horse, What A Treasure, broke from the half mile and the auto started from the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile marker. Unfortunately for James, he was still taking his warmup pants off when starter Eddie Blind sent the contestants off winging. "I saw them running and I tried to strip down to my uniform," James said. "Then I thought, 'Better get into this race,' so I pulled up the warmups again and took off." The car won by four lengths, and James finished about 40 feet behind the horse.



Scratch one more patsy

Suddenly the East has a team, long kicked around by the big boys, that rates ranking with the best, and the starters are local products

Eastern college basketball is dead, of course. Madison Square Garden killed it. Or the gamblers did. Or UCLA. Or the Celtics. Or some maniac truck driver out of gas did. Everybody knows that all good Eastern dudes go away to college now to escape snow or dirt or hockey, and what the ECAC has left are a few thousand schools and universities named Bowdoin and Tufts and things like that. Philadelphia talent is down; the NET is a beggar's market.

Yet anytime one turns around in the East there is Marvin Barnes at Providence playing like the best rebounder in the land, which he is. There is the most outrageous home crowd anywhere at Syracuse, led by "The Zoo" in the end-zone seats, which is so wildly obscene that the announcer has stopped introducing the starting lineups. And there, also,

is that other team—that speck on the horizon of the national ratings that has been growing every week.

It started slowly with a record of 0-1, went to 5-1, 10-1, 15-1 and last week what is that?—to 19-1. The East has a team at 19-1 with the longest winning streak in college? Yes, and even better, it is the same school that made a major turnaround in football. It is what you call your About-Face Headquarters School. It is Pittsburgh.

The Pitt Panthers, with their firetrap of a field house, their no-center offense and "amoeba" defense, their screwball cheerleader, their Knight to remember and their coach who grows geraniums in his suburban basement and decorates Christmas trees in the locker room. His name is Buzz.

When Pittsburgh defeated Syracuse

71-56 last Saturday, it was the latest victory of a devastating run in which the team has compiled a scoring differential of 19.8 points, second only to UCLA. In the process, most nights have belonged to Knight—Bill (Mooney) Knight, a 6'6½" mustachioed senior who can do everything but grow long hair. His teammates call Knight TWA for Teeny Weeny Afro, but when in trouble he is the one they look for. Having practically destroyed one of his square shoulders in a fall against Penn State, Knight recently had been a one-armed man of little value on the backboards—until Syracuse, that is.

His tender wing harnessed with tape, Knight exploded all over rickety Fitzgerald Field House, scoring off balance, blocking shots, rebounding, stealing passes, directing fast breaks and quick-handing everything in sight. Knight dominated the Orange's big men inside and outshouted their backcourt. In short, he ravaged Syracuse with 24 points and 19 rebounds, on one spree trailing 14 of 17 Pitt points to take the Panthers from a 45-40 lead to the easy win.

Along the way Pittsburgh did what really fine teams are wont to do—go for the other guy's jugular and make him look bad. The Panthers' marvelous juncture of a defense beat quick Syracuse to every loose ball, disrupted the Orange patterns, stopped their star, Dennis Daval, with eight points and held the visitors to a rape 26 below their average.

It was Pittsburgh's most important victory of the season, for what it did was show the Panthers that they could withstand hardship (Mickey Martin, their other fine forward, was rendered useless by a leg injury), beat a reputable team and not have to apologize anymore.

It is fine irony that the Pitt schedule has been ridiculed as too easy, for it was only a few hours ago that alumni were berating Coach Buzz Ridd for scheduling way over his team's head and calling for his very scalp. As recently as last season the Panthers played UCLA, Notre Dame and North Carolina but, until Syracuse, this year's Pitt edition had faced no member of the top twenty.

Still, after a season-opening loss at West Virginia, Pitt has thrashed the opposition, winning only two games by fewer than 10 points; then too, the five teams with tournament potential that Pitt has played were bounced around easily.

How good are the Panthers? Even they

continued



PATIENT PANTHERS who never left home can see their old neighborhoods from Pittsburgh overlook. In foreground, Martin and Knight and on the rail, Richards, Starr, Bolla and Bruce



**With everything going up,
New York Life wonders...
doesn't your family need
more financial protection, too?**

Prices rise. Your family grows. You get a better job. You take on a bigger mortgage. That's life. A never-ending series of changes.

That's why New York Life believes a life insurance program isn't something you can buy and forget. If it's going to take care of you—provide financial protection for your family—it has to reflect changing circumstances.

Just how much life insurance protection does your family need in 1974?

Think of it this way: If something should happen to you, how much money would your family

need to maintain their standard of living? And for how long? If you can answer these questions, you're on your way toward giving your family the basic financial security you want them to have.

Talk to your New York Life Agent soon. No one is better prepared to help you analyze your needs and work out a life insurance program that fits your family, your life style and your budget. A program that brings your protection up to date.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



would like to know. They are small, basically un-musclebound and lack that solo showtime with the terrific moves (Knight being more steady than spectacular), but what they do, they do to perfection. And where they belong is up there among the best seven or eight teams in the whole NCAA.

It is a quick, deep, smart bunch of straight-up-and-down players with a special flair for passing and a passion for togetherness and unselfish movement. All have meshed fine seasons in order to positively wreck a deceptive schedule that has included some big names in down years (Duke, Duquesne) and some other teams that did not jell until after the Panthers got through with them (Florida State, Davidson).

Mooney Knight says, "I am still pessimistic about this team. A good, big center could kill us. I never dreamed we'd have this record, but all of us are curious to find out how far we can go."

Knight's modesty is becoming. He says he went to Pitt because he wasn't good enough to play at a bigger school, yet as a junior in those games against the aforementioned quality trio, he averaged nearly 32 points. Asked about his play when he got 37 against UCLA, Knight said simply, "Oh, all right I guess. I only got nine rebounds."

Two weeks ago, with the score tied at William and Mary in the Panthers' one pitiful show of the season, Knight drove for the winning basket but was whistled down for charging. Seven seconds were left, it was his fifth and disqualifying foul and the Panthers' streak was clearly in jeopardy. Nobody would have faulted Knight for screaming homer at what looked to be a terrible call. Instead he stared down and walked to the bench. Pitt won by six in overtime.

"There are no hotheads at Pittsburgh," says Ridd. "No grousers. I try to get the type of player who relates to me, not the other way around."

Ridd is 53, a plain white-haired grandfather figure from outside Pittsburgh. After coaching at tiny Westminster for 19 years, he moved to Pitt and the big time in 1968. He says it was the only major university job he would have taken. As a concession to the times, the coach buys soul records for the locker room. His wife charts turnovers at the games and knits bow ties for the players. Buzz says "oh, my" quite a lot.

In an age when multicolored shoes and

double-knit mouths are all the coaching rage, Ridd and his old friend Fran Webster, who concocted the combination switching, shifting defense the Panthers call amoeba, seem out of place; at practice they are a couple of Rotarians who wandered into a counterculture freak-out. Outdoors, Buzz and Fran even wear hats. But there is respect. "Coach gets down to it," says Keith Starr, the sixth man. "He is all truth."

A younger assistant, Tim Grgulich (Pitt coaches seem to have dropped their vowels somewhere), does most of the recruiting; he does not have far to go. Nine of the first 11 Panthers are from the Pittsburgh area, and from a point on Mount Washington across the river one can see the homes of six players, including all five starters.

For some time Pittsburgh has been a fountainhead of infant talent and the home of the nation's best high school all-star game, the Dapper Dan Roundball Classic. But it used to be that if local kids stayed home they went to Duquesne. Beginning with Knight and Martin four years ago, that changed. Conversely, Pitt's grave weakness—the lack of a center—is the direct result of the Panthers having lost Maurice Lucas to Marquette. Lucas was from Schenley High, which can be seen without going to the mountain; it is across the street from the Pitt campus.

Presently the hulking, light-bulb-eating Jim Bolla plays the pivot, hatches the enemy for 10 minutes, then gives way to Lew Hill, a slender 6'6" transfer from Ferrum Junior College, or to Walk-On Willie Kelly. With Knight and Martin patrolling the lanes and the equally swift Kirk Bruce and Tom Richards operating around the perimeter, the Panthers may be the quickest team in America. Starr and senior defensive specialist Ken Waggoner usually enter games in tandem to replace Bruce and Richards. And so the Panthers are always flowing in and out, confusing everybody with their constantly changing zone and man defenses, plainly wearing down the competition.

Knight has led the scoring and rebounding in all except two games, but Bruce, an exquisite shooter, made 22 points in the Panthers' 27-point rout at Davidson and had to save them with 19 more at William and Mary, including eight free throws in the overtime. Both Richards and Hill were high scorers before coming to Pitt but have adjusted.

The latter scored 20 against Florida State and made all-tournament in the Steel Bowl while coming off the bench.

Even ninth man Kelly, who drifted into the gym one day carrying long spaghetti arms, has done his part. When Martin suffered food poisoning at Virginia, Kelly replaced him, made 12 points and sparked on defense. Now he is Walk-On Willie the Receptor.

With all the success, it remained for a 30-year-old newspaper delivery boy named Tiger Paul Auslander to get the campus aroused to what was going on. Tiger Paul wears a white shirt, tie and old letter sweater as he leads the Pitt team onto the floor and conducts cheers from the sidelines. At one time the Tiger's antics, which include tearing off the sweater and tie, pinwheeling his arms, dashing into team huddles and belly-flopping along the hardwood, were an embarrassment to the school administration. But the students liked him so much he was allowed to stay, and even to go on road trips.

The other day Tiger Paul threw his arm out of whack exhorting the Panthers to another victory. Later, a radio announcer read off the Pitt hospital report: Knight—bruised shoulder. Martin—damaged thigh. Tiger Paul—pulled arm muscle. When you're 19-1, even the cheerleader's injury is news.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST It was a laughter in more ways than one. With five minutes left the Michigan players laughed right out there on the floor as they drubbed the Ohio State Buckeyes, 91-68, making up, in small effect, for the indignity the Wolverines felt after their football team came in tied but second best to OSU. The game also was some vindication for Coach John Orr, who had been subjected to a dump-Orr campaign by a candidate for the student government council last fall. Orr's men are deadlocked for the Big Ten lead with Purdue, a 64-45 winner over Minnesota. Half a game back was Indiana, which breezed past Illinois 107-67.

A last-second basket by Billy Paterno gave Notre Dame a 94-89 win over Michigan State. John Shumate had 27 points for the Irish in that game, a figure matched by Adrian Dantley in an 87-68 thrashing of Duke.

continued

What's White and Round and Cold and Bouncy and Fuzzy?



Needless to say there are those who don't give a hoot about sports. And to them this picture is dedicated.

Whatever kind of sports you enjoy you will find them in Las Vegas (including making snow balls). No kidding, if you look hard enough at the mountains you can see snow. While most sport enthusiasts are enjoying golf and tennis in the valley others are skiing high atop nearby Mt. Charleston.

After your vacation you will return to your home town refreshed and relaxed, full of tales of high jinks and low scores. Ask your travel agent to help with your reservations. He's a sport too.



A Las Vegas Convention Authority Advertisement

Who put energy into Nigeria to get energy out for America?



A distant Nigerian delta over a decade ago. Primitive. Forbidding. But deep beneath the foliage lay the crude oil that could help ease America's fuel shortage. It waited there, because to drill for it was an expensive and risky gamble requiring more of a commitment than some companies were willing to exert.



The same delta today. But transformed into an important oil field with the exotic name, Tebidaba, where the discovery well flowed 15,000 barrels a day from three zones. New wells are continually being developed in the Nigerian delta. And a pipeline has been built that is currently transporting some 115,000 barrels daily from five fields to a new terminal on the Nigerian coast.

Who invested the time, money and risk in Nigeria that helped turn steaming jungles into new sources of energy for America? The same company that makes fine products for your car.

The Performance Company:
Phillips Petroleum Company.
Surprised?



**The Performance
Company**

Wisconsin led Marquette much of the way—only to have Maurice Lucas' 20-foot jumper save the game in the last second for the Warriors 59-58. Against Creighton, Marquette zipped to a 14-2 lead, but then the Bluejays thwarted their press with back-door layups that led to a 75-69 win. "A team that presses as far out as Marquette usually is vulnerable to back-door shots," said Creighton Coach Eddie Sutton after handing the Warriors only their second home loss in 101 games.

Colorado Coach Sox Walcott had a rotten time at Kansas, filling off his chair during an 81-66 loss, but the Jayhawks were stable—they lay upped their Big Eight mark to 7-0 by beating Oklahoma State 80-71 behind Danny Knight's 34 points. Kansas State, halting Oklahoma State 65-48 and Iowa State 72-56, stayed half a game behind Kansas as its coach, Jack Hartman, was credited with putting a wildcard in the team's tank. Explained Guard Lon Kruger: "He said something like, 'If you're going to just watch the game, you oughta pay admission.' Except he didn't see this. He, well, shouted it."

SMU handed Texas Tech its first Southwest Conference loss 73-71 and Texas its second when Zack Tate sank two free throws in the last seven seconds to break a 72-72 tie. Starring in defeat, Larry Robinson of the Longhorns had 32 points and added 29 more in a 93-79 conquest of Baylor Tech, too, trimmed the Bears, 85-69.

In the Missouri Valley Conference the spoiler was New Mexico State, which sent Louisville to its first league loss 76-73 and toppled second-place Bradley 85-76. Both front-runners, however, won their other league games, the Cardinals beating West Texas State 81-62 and the Braves stopping Tulsa 81-73.

1. NOTRE DAME (16-1) 2. MARQUETTE (16-2)

EAST "He makes unusual shots that rip you up. Bizarre, unusual plays," So said La Salle Coach Paul Westhead of Notre Dame's Gary Breakow, whose 28 points led a 98-78 Irish romp. But the Explorers won their other two games, beating Temple 78-54 and then, with Billy Taylor pouring in 39 points, downing American University 95-83.

After losing a day's practice to the flu, Larry Fogie, the major-college scoring leader with a 34.7-point average, set Canisius records with 20 field goals and 55 points in a 129-809 win over St. Peter's.

Also scoring heavily was Marvin Barnes of Providence, whose 52 points helped the Friars break Seton Hall 91-60 and get past St. Bonaventure 74-69. The Bonnies later lost to Niagara 64-63 when Dave Tira, who had scored just 18 points all season, tipped in a shot with five seconds to go.

"He's the boss," said St. Joseph's Coach

Jack McKinney after Guard Jim O'Brien led the Hawks past Georgetown 70-64. "He calls all the offenses and changes defenses any time he wants to," But O'Brien and the Hawks came up short against Manhattan, losing 79-73 in double overtime. Pulling the Jaspers to victory was John Hurley, who came off the bench to score eight points in the extra periods.

Just as it had last season, Brown beat Princeton and Penn on successive nights, with Eddie Morris scoring the winning points in the last seven seconds of both games. Morris broke a 59-all tie with a 20-foot jumper as the Bruins downed the Tigers 64-59 in overtime. Against the Quakers, his two free throws did the trick in a 66-65 victory that locked the two teams atop the Ivy League with 7-1 records.

1. PITTSBURGH (16-1) 2. PROVIDENCE (16-2)

SOUTH "We don't get shook," said Lee Fowler of Vanderbilt after the Commodores had taken a solid one game Southeastern Conference lead over Alabama with a 67-65 win. For 39½ minutes the Tide led—once by 10 points—but the Commodores forged ahead 64-63 on two foul shots by Terry Compton, and with 12 seconds left tucked the game away when Fowler stole the ball and was fouled. Now the unflappable Commodores took Mississippi State—by still a closer margin, 60-59—when Jan van Breda Kolff bull's-eyed a jumper with 15 seconds remaining. Alabama, playing at home, kept its conference hopes afloat, crunching Tennessee 73-54.

"My team's so young I feel I ought to burp them when they come off the court," said Auburn Coach Bob Davis. There were other worries that began when three black football players were recommended for suspension for violating Coach Shag Jordan's rule against mustaches. Quickly, 14 other black athletes, six of them basketballers, took a holiday from sport, but all was patched up early enough for Gary Redding and Eddie Johnson to contribute 42 points as the Tigers put it all together and upset Mississippi 85-75.

Another SEC brawl took place at Florida, where Mississippi State Coach Kermit Davis argued long and loud that the last four seconds of their contest had ticked off illegally. Remarkably, Davis won his point, and 25 minutes after the Gators had gone to their dressing room, apparent 76-75 winners, they were called back to the court. But Florida's Bruno Caldwell, still wet from an aborted shower, sank two free throws to swell the Gators' winning margin to 78-75.

North Carolina State beat three teams: Duke (92-78), Georgia Tech (98-54) and Furman (111-71). North Carolina shocked Furman 95-69 and Georgia Tech 112-70; Maryland took Virginia 88-81 and George

Washington 92-71, and independent South Carolina put down Canisius 76-58 and Dayton 81-68.

1. N.C. ST. (16-1) 2. N. CAROLINA (17-2)

WEST "I want a street-fight defense tonight," Coach Norm Ellenberger told his New Mexico players before a game at Brigham Young. "If we don't win, we might as well get ready for the spring dance." Thus prodded, the Lobos rattled the Cougars with a relentless trapping man-to-man, sank 65% of their shots and won 96-77. Next came another away match for the Lobos, this one at Utah, which the day before had dumped Teras-Lih Paso 73-72. This time the Lobo pregame tactics failed, the shooting fell off to 45%, and the Utes won 92-76. Providing much of the impetus for Utah's victories were Mike Sejourner (30 rebounds) and Luther (Ticky) Borden, who made 24 of 38 field goal tries and had 59 points. Those wins moved Utah into a tie for the Western Athletic Conference lead with Arizona and Arizona State, both of which were two-time winners.

Battered, bruised but still unbeaten in the Pacific Eight that was UCLA following hard-earned wins over Oregon (84-66) and Oregon State (80-75). After the tussle with the highly aggressive Oregon Ducks, Brun Guard Greg Lee said, "It's the most I've ever been on the floor." But Oregon Coach Dick Harter insisted, "It was a ballet. There were no cheap shots." Oregon State forced 16 UCLA turnovers and led 19-16 before Lee came in and got the offense unglued. Bill Wiltzen had both hands in the wins with 56 points and 36 rebounds. USC also took care of the Ducks (59-53) and Beavers (81-71). And Stanford convincingly whipped Washington 88-68 and Washington State 65-51 in seven-foot Rich Kelley had 51 points. Speaking of Kelley, Husky Coach Mars Harshman said, "Nobody except Walton is as good."

Seattle's Frank (Magic) Oleynick, a sophomore guard, pulled a couple of West Coast AC victories out of the hat against St. Mary's. He popped in 10 of 15 shots and had 25 points in a 70-60 home win and then, in the Goetts' padded-cell court, he was 17 of 25 and put in the last of his 45 points just before the buzzer for a 72-70 triumph. Tied with the Chiefs for first place was San Francisco, which topped Santa Clara 78-48 and 77-69.

Long Beach State put down San Diego State twice, 64-48 and 90-72.

Dan Cramer of Denver missed his first three shots against Southern Mississippi and quickly earned a seat on the bench. But he got a reprieve, sank 24 of his next 36 tries and set a team record with 50 points in a 112-93 win.

1. UCLA (16-1) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (16-2)

Big fish in a small pond

No kazoo tooters can compete with Southwest Minnesota State, which features a pep band, video-taped pep talks and stereophonic Strauss

Swimming may be small potatoes elsewhere, but the Golden Mustangs of Southwest Minnesota State College inspire such affection in Marshall (pop. 10,000) that radio station KMHL has taken to beaming important meets to the housewives and soybean farmers. Because stroke-by-stroke coverage tends to pall, Sportscaster Maynard (Gabley) Weiss is obliged to live up to his nickname. Resourceful though he is, Weiss once ran out of words during a 1,000-yard race; in desperation he had to switch back to the station for a few polkas.

Fortunately, Southwest Minnesota's swimmers give their announcer more to talk about with each passing season. Just six years old, Southwest got into the swim in 1970 and has compiled a 43-12 dual-meet record the last three years. Several of the losses have been to the likes of Minnesota and Iowa, and last season the Golden Mustangs upset Nebraska, a feat diminished only slightly by the fact that the Big Red is pale pink in swimming. While not yet ready to overtake such small-college powers as Simon Fraser and Claremont-Mudd, Southwest is 11-2 this season and, after finishing 25th a year ago, could crack the Top Ten at next month's NAIA championships.

"I promise you one thing," says the school's president, Jay Jones, "if we do well, there will be an incredible outpouring of emotion here." Behind that pledge lurk frustrations that have built up ever since the Minnesota legislature created Southwest to inject fresh life into the state's moribund farm belt. The college was a boon to Marshall, a neighborly, elm-shaded town surrounded by cornfields, one of which became the site of the \$40 million campus. Southwest's ambitious little theater now delivers culture to the countryside, and class buildings are linked by passageways designed to accommodate wheelchairs, a feature that attracts handicapped students. With low red-brick buildings looming against the gray horizon, the college has a stark

beauty reminiscent of Brasilia. But Southwest suffers the same remoteness that causes diplomats to consider Brasilia a hardship post. Owing to the enrollment squeeze felt by small colleges generally, its student body, 3,200 three years ago, has declined to 2,100, and on Fridays the campus empties as students head out onto State Highway 19 to hitchhike home for the weekend.

Southwest students try to find diversion in sport, but here, too, there is a depressing sameness. The school has groined through six straight losing football seasons. It has yet to win its first track meet. Its baseball team only recently recovered from a 0-18 ordeal. Doggedly, the student body cheers the boys on, a loyalty rewarded earlier this season when Southwest's basketball team finally snapped a 46-game losing streak.

In this desert of defeat, the swimming success seems almost a mirage. The credit goes to Don Palm, the 35-year-old coach who uncovers athletes overlooked by larger schools and then enlists their undying devotion. A case in point is co-captain Rich Jones, a breaststroker from suburban Chicago who has stuck it out at the Minnesota college for four years. "I can't hack it in a small town like Marshall," Jones admits, "but if I had tried to leave, Coach would have talked me out of it. He has a way about him."

For a lad like Jones, the Southwest pool beckons as a clean, well-lighted place on the forlorn prairie. The \$1.25 million facility boasts underwater windows, an automatic scoreboard and a separate diving well, and Palm runs an efficient program. Far from being a bloodless organization man, however, he gets so uptight at meets that he has to leave it to others to punch the stopwatch. He also gets weepy at team meetings, and is so anxious to please that he recently siphoned 10 gallons out of his car's gas tank at midnight to accommodate the visiting father of a team member.

"Some coaches say they don't care if

they're liked as long as they're respected," Palm says. "I want to be liked, too. I don't see how you can have team unity and spirit otherwise."

To further improve morale, Palm enlivens home meets with pageantry that suggests there is still some corn left in the old cornfield. On hand are cheerleaders and a pep band as well as a corps of Timettes, two dozen coeds who perform timing chores at meets. There is also a pre-meet ceremony that begins with the pool in darkness. Suddenly a shimmering light reveals the Southwest team, resplendent in white sweats, lined up at poolside. As the lights gradually brighten, amplified theme music from *2001: A Space Odyssey* blares forth. The crowd's frenzied reaction to all this—the 550-seat pool is very often SRO—leaves little doubt that the young school is as starved for ritual as it is for conquest.

Despite these flamboyant touches, Palm owes his success to his thoroughness. When he was hired in 1963 to organize a team at his alma mater, Bemidji (Mann) State College, he mailed letters to 1,200 high school coaches in the Midwest, diligent recruiting that yielded surprisingly good catches. Four years later Bemidji was runner-up in the NAIA, at which point Palm gave up his swimming job to concentrate on his duties as the school's football coach. "Quitting after finishing second in the country—how dumb was that!" he now asks rhetorically. Three losing football seasons provided the answer. "I realized belatedly that swimming was my sport," he says.

In 1969 Southwest was about to launch its swimming team and Palm signed on. Southwest's pool was not yet ready, which gave him the luxury of a year in which to do nothing but recruit. One reason for the new school's poor athletic showing was its lack of alumni to provide aid, a deprivation that led Marshall coaches to organize a Mustang Boosters Club to raise scholarship funds. Palm's first-year take was \$1,500 (it has since grown to \$4,500) and he logged 20,000 weary miles to find high school prospects on which to lavish that paltry sum.

Because of Palm's willingness to go far afield, nearly half of his team hails from outside Minnesota. From Wyoming, improbably, have come six Southwest swimmers, including freestyler Dave (Crawley) Boyles, who holds six school

records. "The University of Wyoming coach sent somebody to talk to me," Broyles relates. "He couldn't be bothered to see me himself. And here Coach Palm drove all the way from Minnesota. I was impressed."

Besides giving Southwest a winner, Palm established a summer swimming camp. He also started an aquatics concentration in which phys ed majors take lifesaving, scuba diving and a course in stroke mechanics called aqua-physio-dynamics. In 1972, before his own school was accredited to compete in them, he brought the NAIA championships to the Southwest pool. His enthusiasm for swimming infected Marshall residents. An AAU program was launched and Marshall High School, untroubled that the nearest competition was 90 miles away, organized a team, too. As the swimming craze spread, Southwest students found themselves vying with townspeople for seats at Mustang meets.

Seldom has the Southwest pool been jammed more fully than it was for a recent meet with Eau Claire (Wis.) State. Eau Claire finished seventh in the NAIA last year and Southwest fans seemed to feel that a victory would go a long way toward compensating for past humiliations. In the charged atmosphere Southwest butterfly Mike T. Allen refused to share his dormitory room with his younger brother Mark, who swims for Eau Claire. As for Palm, he video-taped a five-minute pep talk and played it to the swimmers before the meet. "I knew I'd be too choked up by then to talk in person," he said.

Wary of the pep band, lights-out ceremony and the rest, Eau Claire Coach Tom Prior outfitted his swimmers with kazoes. They tooted them at poolside during the meet—but who listened? As Southwest's fans shouted themselves hoarse, the Mustangs won, 65-48.

There remained the danger that Southwest, having peaked for Eau Claire, would have trouble getting up for the NAIA's, but Palm said, "We'll be ready." Also prepared is Gahby Weiss, who announced the Eau Claire meet with the help of two color commentators and taped interviews. Thus, while Dave Broyles was winning the 1,000, Weiss was able to play remarks that the Southwest star had recorded earlier. Not a bar of polka music was heard.

END



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FIGURE SKATING / Jeanette Bruce

The divine right of queens

The title and scepter always pass to the next in line, so Dorothy Hamill figured to win the crown despite putting on a plebeian performance

In this topsy-turvy world where even astronauts land upside down, there is something almost reassuring about the predictability of the U.S. Figure Skating Championships. From the moment the first blade struck ice at the splendid Civic Center in downtown Providence last week, there was not a ripple of doubt that 17-year-old Dorothy Hamill, runner-up last year to Janet Lynn, would win first place and go on to represent her country in the world championships next month in Munich. There was scarcely less doubt that chunky Juli McKinsty, a whirling dervish from Colorado Springs, would place second, or that statuesque Kath Malmberg would take third, no matter how often she fell on her axel. It was ordained, figure skating being a waiting game where princesses follows queen in a most orderly fashion.

Hamill had started her organized glide to the nationals at the age of eight, collected awards instead of stamps and qualified for promotions in events that would put the rest of us in traction. Most of the credit for her accomplishment belongs to Coach Gus Lissa, who eventually turned her over to Carlo Fassi, a coach who had pretty good luck several years ago with a skater named Peggy Fleming. There were faint mutterings after the competition began that Hamill, though her classic style resembles Fleming's, has lost some of her fire under Fassi's balletic approach. Still, she was the logical successor to Janet Lynn, who abdicated to join the Follies, and Dorothy was in the enviable position of having no one to displace.

Early in the week she placed first in compulsory school figures, those horrendous basics, and was genuinely surprised when the judges refused to take note of her erratic third figure. Perhaps the judges' oversight gave Hamill confidence in the next event, the compulsory program

of six prescribed free-skating moves, which is a two-minute exhibition of technical skill. She leapt onto the ice, matching the tempo of Stravinsky's *Firebird*. Her assurance and speed made the competitors who had preceded her appear to have skated in slow motion. Her high, clean double lutz came not after but out of a dazzling display of footwork so neatly accomplished that the judges might have missed it. Carlo Fassi had advised friends to watch closely for it. Most skaters telegraph such moves, Hamill does not. Spectators throughout the arena reacted to the sheer power of the move and first applauded, then pounded the metal rails and seats. Rather sadly, it was to be Hamill's only real triumph during the competition.

From there on the audience, which should have been cheering the princess, suddenly became charmed by an ethereal young lady-in-waiting named Roberta Loughland, who displayed amazing grace in long-legged moves. When the judges gave Loughland conservative scores, her new fans hissed their discontent, seemingly unaware that it was not Roberta's *own* to be queen, not yet, not this year. A figure-skating crowd is often like the man who knows nothing about art but knows what he likes.

Outside, on the snowy streets of Providence the temperature dropped to a raw 18°, but that was another world. Inside the colorful arena, festive with bunting and banners, all was a shivery mixture of skaters' illusions and spectators' delusions, nurtured by the glittering backdrop and magic oval within which figures glided on blue-tinted ice. The crowd ebbed and flowed with each event. Parents were inclined to attend only those competitions in which their darlings appeared. Spills in practice sessions, as tension grew, produced one hairline fracture, a strained tendon and a torn lig-

—Robert

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between "Winston..."

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HONDA

ament. "If your parents have sacrificed a lot," one skater said, "and you break something, you feel terrible. There goes your \$5,000 axel."

The arena was sold out for the final two days of the competition, which featured the senior ladies' and senior men's free-skating events. Defending champion Gordon McKellen Jr. was obviously going to be unbentable. Child of the famous skating clown Tuiffy McKellen, Gordie, at 20, is a master of technique. What is sometimes more important, he has inherited his father's charisma, the ability to draw the audience down onto the ice with him as he performs. His practice sessions were as loudly applauded as his championship performances.

Dorothy Hamill, on the other hand, practiced almost unnoticed. The fire in her compulsory program, which had sparked the audience, seemed to have evaporated. "This is a terrible strain on the kids," her father said. "Dorothy just

told me to go away and leave her alone."

The afternoon before the main event Tenley Albright appeared. Then Janet Lynn was discovered sitting with a few friends far back in the arena. "I was on my way to New Haven with the Follies when I discovered the train was going to stop at Providence, so I just got off," she said. The queen had returned to see the princess crowned, perhaps to wish her well.

Hamill's number was scheduled last, by which time the audience was clearly in the mood for an upset. It had nothing against Dorothy, as pretty and skilful a brunette as ever triple-toed her way to the top, but once the Loughland girl had stared the crowd, it became noticeably partisan. Roberta skated out in a simple white costume that almost made the other more colorfully arrayed girls look like shady ladies. The judges once again gave Loughland only respectable scores, and again the spectators evinced displeasure.

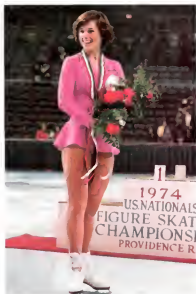
By the time little Priscilla Hill appeared, they were in full revolt against skating's system.

Priscilla is 12 years old, on the young side of 12 at that, but in terms of skating skills this "senior lady" has no equal. Coached by former national champ (1963) Tommy Litz, she has so outdistanced her competitors who are still struggling up the novice and junior ladders that the U.S. Figure Skating Association doesn't quite know what to do with her. With their finely orchestrated game plan, their tacit understandings about who should be ready for what when, their carefully laid-out chessboard on which pieces apparently may move but not jump, Priscilla Hill is a problem. Litz is not worried. "I wouldn't want her to go to a World championship yet," he said. "She still needs seasoning. Next year perhaps." By that time frail Priscilla may have stopped looking like a newborn kitten.

When she emerged in full view of the audience, it was as though Tinker Bell had somehow escaped from a Walt Disney drawing board. Priscilla's dainty leaps and bounds drew the loudest applause of the evening; her flying camel spin, though it does not yet fly much more than the length of a coffee table, was perfect in style and form. When she had finished sparkling, dancing and spinning all over the rink, the judges handled the problem in the only way they knew how, with scores no higher than 5.4 (out of a possible 6). Boos and catcalls were so loud an outsider might have suspected that a hockey game was in progress, with the whole kit and caboodle of the Rhode Island Reds being sent to the penalty box.

Then it was time for Dorothy Hamill, queen-elect, to clinch her crown. It soon became apparent that whatever was bothering her still festered. She seemed almost listless, a lonely figure circling the rink as if in search of something temporarily mislaid. As she left, there was polite applause, and then a few gasps of disbelief as scores of 5.8 and 5.9 were awarded her performance. "It has to be done that way," said an old hand at judges' antics. "If we send her to the World with a bunch of 5.5s, the Russians will automatically give her low scores because we did. Besides, she's probably just having an off night."

True enough. Sometimes even the astronauts land upside down. **END**



HAMILL'S SMILE SPARKLED IF HER FREE SKATING DID NOT

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Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow



Where it is still 1960 and hope springs eternal

Arnold Palmer is 44 and his game looks it, but in the eyes of Palm Springs he is the finest player in the world. The old army marches on

There is nothing artificial about Palm Springs, if you believe that life is just a crystal bowl filled with champagne, chlorinated swimming pools and six-car garages. The Springs resembles a giant wall clock where the little hand never moves past 1960, a land of fantasy with background music by Lerner and Loewe and starched-collar conservatives playing out their last few hands.

Its heroes come simple: the Country, the President and Arnold Palmer—for this is the kingdom and Palmer is the king. He has won the Bob Hope Desert Classic five times, once more than he has the Masters, and along the way his path has been sprinkled with flowers and kisses and bright, shiny things. "He is our Moses and he has led us through the desert to the promised land," says a grateful hotel operator. In the background the Chamber of Commerce chants "Hallelujah."

Last week Palmer was back in his personal shopping center, playing in the Hope, whistling while he worked. Each day he strolled with his adoring legions, passing out autographs, posing for pictures and taking time to sniff the flowers along the way. To women Palmer is all things: father, brother, son and the boy they were too dumb to marry. He sauntered arm in arm with them along the fairways and pecked their proffered cheeks. On Thursday he paused to kiss a 92-year-old grandmother sitting in a wheelchair. A little later he was confronted by a young, bold beauty with a yearning for legends.

"And what do you do?" asked Palmer, thinking she was a starlet or a model.

"I run a pest-control business," came

the answer. "We take the bugs out of living."

Palmer mulled that over. "Well," he laughed. "You could put the sting back in me."

Palmer is now 44 years old and his hair is gray and thinning. He wears glasses and he has not won a major championship since 1964. The last two years he has been 25th and 27th on the money list, the only times since he invented the game back in the late '50s that he has missed the top 10. At all other stops along the pro tour he is an aging ex-champion, still engaging but no longer capable of winning the big one, perhaps not any one. But in Palm Springs reality dissolves and "charge" is still a part of the vocabulary. So it was that last week belonged to Arnold Palmer.

continued



A LOVELY GETS AN ARM-AROUND



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It did not matter that he eventually finished in a tie for 49th, 21 shots behind winner Hubert Green, on rounds of 76-70-74-69-73—362. Every day the bulk of the gallery traipsed after him, hanging on his words as if they were being read from stone tablets, and generally regarding the leaders as if they were bill collectors. Bert Yanney shot a 61 on Friday and during a radio interview between nines he said he hoped "some people would come out to watch." They didn't. They were all mesmerized by Palmer shooting a 74.

Said Ray Floyd, "As far as the fans are concerned, we're just a lot of other scores."

The Bob Hope is the anomaly of the tour, a five-day, 90-hole event played over four courses, between canyons, condominiums, Vice-Presidents, a sprinkling of celebrities and among three or four thousand high-handicap golfers with low-handicap bank accounts who can afford a \$2,000 entry fee. Above all, the amateurs have an unquenchable thirst for a cameo appearance in the spotlight, like gnats buzzing around a light bulb. As one pro said, looking down the withering, flagging line on the practice tee at Eldorado Country Club one morning, "They dress like 72, talk like 82 and play like 122."

For the first four days the pros are teamed with the amateurs, the combinations switching each day. Naturally a pairing with Palmer is savored like a blind date with Raquel Welch. His teams rarely win anything, the amateurs usually needing smelling salts and nine holes before they can return to this planet. Some do manage to feign cool. One of Palmer's Thursday partners claimed he was not nervous, though his hands resembled the blades on a blender. Even Bobby Winkles, the manager of the California Angels who was teamed with Palmer in the first round, found himself chewing his tobacco a little more enthusiastically. Said John Leuthold, a Bel Air motion picture producer, "You stand up there and you try to remember that you once did swing a golf club before, even though now you have no idea how to do it." After chasing grounders for the first nine holes, Leuthold stopped for a drink or two at the turn, then announced, "I'm ready to charge now," and went off toward the 10th tee

hitching up his pants and squinting at passing airplanes.

The format is probably partly responsible for Palmer's success at Palm Springs over the years. While others may be bothered by the distractions that accompany such a show-biz event, Palmer is better conditioned to them and perhaps even enjoys them. It is, after all, more comfortable to play 72 holes with a threesome of elderly and worshipping 90s shooters, men who regard you as a champion, than with some steely-eyed young shark who thinks of you as a has-been and who keeps unnerving you by rolling in 40-foot putts. Four days in this atmosphere can do wonders. Last year in the cold reality of the fifth round, Palmer was paired with Jack Nicklaus and responded magnificently to the challenge, shooting a 69 to Jack's 72 to win the tournament by two strokes.

To his fans in Palm Springs, Palmer's mannerisms and style are as familiar as their mates'. Standing in his gallery you can hear a current of excited patter running through the crowd as every nuance is explained. "You know what it is about him," said a woman scorer named, ironically enough, Liz Palmer. "He's always made us part of his game. And we like him for it."

"It's his smile," said another woman, a Palmer fan since she first saw him at an amateur tournament in 1948. She charts all of his shots each day and can tell you that in 1962 when Palmer won the tournament, "he never hit a drive under 270 yards." She has given up drinking until he wins another tournament, and she bristles upon hearing a pagan voice suggest that she may never have a drink again. "He's the same Arnie," she protests. "It would be heresy to think otherwise. He'll always be the same. What a super world it would be if everyone was like him."

Jeff Harman, a restaurant owner in Hawaii and a friend of Palmer's, agrees. "We went to my club once to play golf on a Sunday and there was a 1½-hour wait on the 1st tee," Harman says. "The 10th tee was open, yet even though the club officials said it was all right for us to start there, Arnold wouldn't do it. He waited his turn."

But it is hard work being a legend, and for most of the week Palmer's golf resembled a television picture tube with

continued



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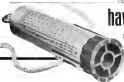
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GOLF continued

three images on it. Obviously he needed a little tuning. The Hope was the only tournament he won last year and even though he has finished third and tied for fourth in the last two U.S. Opens, he really has not played well since 1971, when he won almost \$210,000. He played in just 22 events last year and plans to cut down to no more than 14 this season. The Hope was only his second start; he finished 71st the previous week at Hawan. Nevertheless, he considers himself still to be a threat in major tournaments. Julius Boro won the U.S. Open when he was 43 and the PGA five years later. "I'm driving the ball well, but my irons and short game are weak," Palmer said on Friday. He was in danger of missing the cut for the final day after shooting a desultory 37 on the first nine Saturday, but he came back with a 32, made the cut by four strokes and had the throngs cheering again. He signed autographs walking between tees, and shook hands and bantered with people. About his perfect foil, a caddy named Creamy, he said, "If you caddied for Nicklaus, I'd win every week." In the pressroom he announced, "It takes me longer to wake up now. For a nine o'clock tee time I have to get up at five. Then by 12 I'm exhausted."

But he also had winning on his mind. Palmer cloistered himself each night at Ironwood, a new development he has in the desert, letting Jeff Harman tend to the salad while he grilled the steaks. He stayed away from the crush of local parties, held to his New Year's resolution to give up drinking and smoking and staked himself to the practice tee until his efforts wore him down.

None of this could diminish the rap-ture of his fans. The tournament program carried no fewer than 11 pictures of him, perhaps the reason it cost \$1.50. Everywhere he went, people walked up to say, "You remember me, I'm the one who told you that you were going to win last year." Bermuda Dunes Country Club made him an honorary member. And on Sunday, even though he started the day 16 shots behind Yancy, the crowds were less, hanging on his every move and mood. Once in that final round a young boy, seeing Palmer and the adulation for the first time, looked up at his father and asked, "What's Arnie do for a living?" It was not a bad question.

END

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Savonara Bambi

Trophy collectors quite often find themselves on the horns of a dilemma, doing their damndest to explain their motivation, but men—whether Plantagenet kings, Texas oil barons or Tokyo tycoons—have long enjoyed the pastime

by J. D. REED

CONTINUED

Amongst the Nootka Indians of British Columbia, when a bear had been killed, it was brought in and seated before the head chief in an upright posture, with a chief's bonnet, wrought in figures, on its head, and its fur powdered over with white down. A tray of provisions was then set before it, and it was invited by words and gestures to eat. After that the animal was skinned, boiled, and eaten.

—THE GOLDEN BOUGH*

The words, "trophy room" bring to mind an elderly British lord, recently retired from the Foreign Service or M.I.5. He sits, in our imagination, in his den overlooking the moors. His fingers tremble as he reaches for the gin and tonic. He works at his memoirs on a green felt writing table. A sick twilight glows on the mounted heads, the tusks and fangs. The case of Holland & Holland elephant guns collects a historical dust. The sun begins to squat on the Empire: India is sinking; Africa is sinking. . . . As the moon rises, his mustache becomes as smooth as fine ivory. . . .

But the image collapses in the 20th century. Big-game trophy hunters have mod hairdos, double-knit golf clothes, Sting Rays and businesses, just like pro line-backers. Instead of Edwardian moors, they live in cities like Albany, Palm Desert, San Antonio and Brentwood. And their trophy rooms, perhaps lacking the paralyzing tradition of their British forebears, are opulent testimony to the continuing appeal of trophy game and its commemoration on den walls.

This is not the haphazard "Gee, I finally got the big one" syndrome we see exhibited on the Masonite paneling of taverns, where the owner's obsessiveness for largemouth bass results in one greasy plaster replica with a flatfish lure poked through its plastic lip, nor is it akin to a two-headed calf hanging over the cheese case in a Vermont general store. No, these are major collections done with completeness and determination. The men in America with the finest trophy rooms have both the time and money to devote to it. They are mandarins of sport, publicity-shy and powerful; they move in closed social circles. And they are at the end of a long line of feudal lords, kings and rajahs who have had trophy rooms.



*This and subsequent quotes from the work by Sir James Gidings Fraser © 1922 by Macmillan Company, 1992 by Bantam Books Ltd

Dr. Richard Van Gelder of the American Museum of Natural History's mammalogy department traces two lines of trophy collecting. One is the tribal, ritualistic and religious practice of primitives that is still evident among the Maasai, for instance, who kill a lion as proof of manhood. Of the other line, Van Gelder writes, "Hunting [in 19th-century Europe] was a sport for the upper classes, and death was the penalty for common men who were caught poaching royal game. Sport hunting was a luxury. Strange as it may seem, many species were preserved not for their value as food or as part of the natural environment, but as status symbols of affluence. The common man might have the hide of a cow or a sheepskin as a rug on his floor; the nobleman hung deer antlers and heads from his walls."

The art of taxidermy is some 300 years old. It first appeared in England in the 1650s when the Oxford anatomy museum exhibited a pair of mounted dodgers and a shark. In 1657 one Anthony Smith presented the museum with a stuffed human. But the late 19th and early 20th centuries saw the practice bloom. A full-body mount of a leopard in a hunting crouch on a tree limb (which might cost \$2,000 at current prices) is a far cry from the straw-stuffed botches of earlier times; "an upholsterer's art," one historian called it.

Although Americans currently favor either the full-body mount or the head, neck and shoulders, the British still cut the beast off right behind the ears and mount just the head on a board. The French retain only antlers and an occasional skull. This is probably because their more elaborate dinners resemble taxidermy: sucking pigs with necklaces of cranberries and olive slices in the eye sockets, or whiting cooked like arched dolphins and served in shimmering sea-green aspic.

In an effort to find the reasons that men collect trophies and to see what the finest trophy rooms look like, I set out from Los Angeles and traveled east. The land-

scape is zany: taco stands in giant sombreros, delivery trucks shaped like frankfurters, Toyota dealerships in mock Swiss chalets and a restaurant called something like Cleopatra's Barge, about to sail off into the acrylic smog. Southern California is a surreal Serengeti of passions and tensions, and it is the perfect place to see living history. Even if

trophy hunting was the sport of kings in the past, in Los Angeles history and the present come down at dusk to drink at the same water hole.

8TH LARGEST POLAR BEAR SKULL 28"

R.E. WEATHERBY
ON FROZEN ARCTIC OCEAN

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEINARD

Van Ellis (left) transformed his Dallas pool house into an exotic showplace for his prizes.

Harry Jerrig exhibits his on the grounds of his Lone Star brewery and welcomes visitors.

The monster rears up, baring its fangs, its claws apparently made of titanium. It rises some eight feet above the brass plaque by its foot. The bear is a perfect mount from Jonas Brothers of Seattle. Its fur has a yellow tinge. You can almost see it breathe through the glass case. Although the temperature is a comfortable 75° outside, the fake snow in the bottom of the case looks cold. The whole effect is easy to describe: terror. I walk away carefully and stand by a giant, ragged salesman who is demonstrating the action of a Weatherby .300 magnum rifle to a customer. When the bear stops pretending it is dead and comes crashing through the glass, maybe he can snap off a shot.

Roy Weatherby is one of the world's best rifle and ammunition manufacturers. Not only a trophy hunter himself, Weatherby is a friend and confidant of most of America's renowned trophy hunters. Each year he and his son pose for their Christmas-card photo in the trophy room of a different hunter. In his salesroom Weatherby has collected a few trophies for an aura of authenticity. It is a small pool of Africa in a gritty industrial suburb.

The front half of a giraffe walks out of the wall forever. It is so lifelike that you want to run around the corner and see if you can spot its swishing tail. On another wall, a line of impenetrable goats and sheep stares down through dust-glazed eyeballs. An elephant head unfurls a monstrous trunk out over the displays of Coleman fuel, electrically heated socks and spotting scopes. Around a pile of camouflage duck coats is another polar bear, walking on all fours, headed for the door. His tongue shows a healthy pink, and the edges of his lips are a beautiful charcoal hue.

Roy Weatherby looks like a cheerful state senator. He doesn't wear African "greens" in the office, or have the perpetually sad visage of the Hemingway-cerebral big-game hunter. Only his watchband gives him away as a member of the hunting elite. It is from Klineburger's in Seattle and sports miniature gold rams' heads with ruby eyes.

But if Weatherby is conservative in dress, his office is radically African. A 40-foot mural taking up one wall is a re-creation of the veldt, with herds of zebras and buffalo grazing in the background. A three-foot-high planter containing African plants and foliage, mounted birds,

a few of the smaller cats and Bambi—one of the miniature antelopes known as a dik-dik—runs the length of the wall. It is unsettling. I don't want to go into a room and see a stuffed Donald Duck or Sleeping Beauty either. A few of the more standard trophy heads grace the opposite wall, and the office contains the inevitable elephant-foot wastebasket and wildebeest-tail fly whisk.

For Weatherby, trophy collecting starts with the mania of collecting anything. Elderly ladies do it with teacups, snow-mo folks put their loving cups on the Zenth Chromacolor in the den, people collect Jim Beam bottles, Edsels, stamps and coins. The big-game hunter is merely an extension of this urge for completeness.

But something else lurks in the stalker's heart. "Say you go out and spend \$10,000 on a hunt," Weatherby explains, "and you work yourself to death day after day trailing a certain animal. Then you succeed. Maybe it's even a world record. So you put it up on the wall to remind you of those happy moments. And as a conversation piece. People say, 'My, where did you get a rhino with a horn like that?' and your story begins."

A certain segment of the public is always outraged by big-game hunters, of course, and Weatherby receives his share of hate mail. "When I shot my world-record bear, I would get letters saying, 'You murderer!' Things like that. But you just have to throw them in the basket and forget it." It may be hard for some people to forget that the wastebasket has toenails.

The sport of hunting is not diminished, however. In 1974 some 20 million hunting licenses will be issued in the U.S., a world record in itself, and the elite business of supplying big-game trophy hunters with rifles increases each year.

Out past the tandem polar bears and the half graffe, a wino stops me on the street. He is regarding the heavily barred windows of Weatherby's store as if they were old friends.

"Do they sell guns in there, man?"

Yes, I tell him, pointing to the 28-foot neon rifle on the roof, but they cost \$300 for openers and are used to kill elephants and tigers. He reels off, muttering, "My brother-in-law ain't worth no lion gun."

With the American Indians a bear hunt was an important event for which they prepared by long fasts

and purgations. . . . When a bear was killed . . . the carcass was roasted whole and eaten; not a morsel of the flesh might be left over. The head, painted red and blue, was hung on a post and addressed by orators, who heaped praise on the dead beast.

About five miles from Weatherby's bears is a trophy room that may be a record in itself. It is a whole building and C.J. McElroy's carpet business is set up in one corner. The trophy room is the size of a prosperous small-town church, and with its 24-foot vaulted ceilings even resembles one. Here, in the shadows of 747s smoking out to India and Africa, McElroy (pages 78-79) has gone the distance and opened his trophy room to visitors. He is away on a hunt, but his staff cares for the room with its no smoking and don't touch signs. In the rug store you can buy acrylic shags or cut pile, but the bare vinyl floors of McElroy's trophy room are covered in spots by lion and bear rugs, heads and teeth attached.

On a lighted display panel are color transparencies of McElroy in Africa holding a freshly killed lion on his lap. McElroy in Mongolia with the largest sheep ever slain by man, McElroy in Pakistan with an exceedingly impressive wild goat.

The room is overpowering. Tier upon tier of heads go up the dark, shadow-lighted walls; full-body mounts make the room an obstacle course of teeth, claws, snouts and legs. Trying to get a better look at a rampant polar bear guarding a freshly killed young seal, I get poked in the chest by a leopard tail. And many trophies haven't even been put up. They lie face down on the leather couches, tilted into corners, and wooden crates marked NAKOM promise further overcrowding. There are more than 300 animals in the room.

In this kapok-and-plaster Peaceable Kingdom, where the lion and the sheep literally have lain down together, you get the feeling that the animals don't want to be in the same room with each other. It is a reverse growth process: out of all this death comes a wild stampede, with stuffed animals clattering on plastic hooves out into the streets of Los Angeles, rolling their glass eyes in terror.

On one wall, in a narrow space between a brson and a gnu, is a bumper sticker: TAKE YOUR BOY HUNTING INSTEAD

continued



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The Bloodhound.

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Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

Bambi

OR HUNTING YOUR HUN? You get a vision of failure to obey this command: a 14-year-old mounted, wearing a hunting jacket, carrying a rifle and a candy bar. The taxidermist will do wonders with the acne and put bunny eyes in him.

When the Orvaks have hunted and killed a bear, they cut off its head and hang it on a tree. Then they gather round in a circle and pay it divine honors. Next they run toward the carcass uttering lamentations and wailing. "Who killed you . . . ?"

Maurice Machris, a busy retired oil-company executive and geologist in Los Angeles, claims that the trouble with most trophy rooms is overstuffing. "Most rooms should be cut down by two-thirds," says Machris. "It's like the Guggenheim Museum. The eye simply cannot take it all in. And besides, it diminishes the dignity of the animal."

"Another problem most guys have is they want a trophy room to look like a den. But you should consider these things more carefully. For instance, place heads as low as you can on the walls, more as you would meet them in life, and never light them from below. You know how your face is distorted if you hold a flashlight under your chin. Lighting can wreck a trophy room if it is not done correctly. You want light from above, like the sun. Dark paneling and walls aren't right either. Make it suggest the African plain, blue ceiling, sand walls, brown floor."

Machris' insistence on the visual aspects of trophy rooms is probably a carry-over from his new love, films. He is no longer an avid hunter and his office, instead of the usual stratification of animal heads, contains still shots from his documentary films on Africa; in place of a gun case full of rifles is an enormous Moviola editing machine.

While an active hunter, however, Machris engaged in a form of trophy collecting that goes beyond den walls of whatever color. He shot for the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Big-game hunters who collect specimens for museums are not paid, but perhaps the thought that their trophies will be seen by millions of people instead of a few cocktail guests makes the expense and difficulty worthwhile.

"When you're hunting for a museum," Machris explains, "you don't want the

biggest bull elephant, the unique bongo horns. Museums don't want trophies, they want representative animals." The taxidermy is very demanding, too. It is more painstaking than the standard white-tailed-deer job at your local taxidermist, where the hide and horns are stretched over a precast plastic form. A man named George Adams spent more than a year on the bull elephant that Machris killed for the Los Angeles museum.

The "elephant habitat" in which it is exhibited is Machris' pride. And it bears most trophy rooms in grandeur and effect. Detail makes these habitats stunning. They are essentially tableaux of stuffed animals, trees, birds, foliage and all the environmental ingredients of a given terrain. The animals are shown in typical postures, at typical activities.

In Los Angeles a family of elephants is coming to a water hole at sunset. A giant bull flares his trunk at the viewer, a 2-year-old rubs his rump against a tree. A giraffe stares in total stupidity at the scene. The leaves are plastic, made from molds taken at the water hole; the birds, lizards, insects, dirt and rocks were collected on the scene. After studying hundreds of photographs, museum technicians assembled their re-creation.

At 125 feet by 40 feet, Machris' showcase is larger than most trophy rooms. Or most rooms. And it presents problems. Dr. Fred Truxal, a museum curator, remembers one of the more extreme reactions. "The habitat is protected by electric eyes placed in the walls," he explains. "I guess people just aren't convinced that the elephants aren't real. They throw things in—gun wrappers, bottles, money, everything. One day the alarm sounded and the guards arrived to find a stoned hippie lying under the bull elephant. He said the elephant was still alive, and we had to let them converse."

The elephants stand in a blissful tension of sinew, tendon and ivory. Their skin bags and wrinkles at just the right places. The hippie was probably right. And leaving, you wonder at these illusions in the former movie capital of the world. Men vacuum-clean the hides twice a year, and when technicians clean the ground under the elephants they wear cardboard elephant feet over their shoes so they won't leave footprints.

... he (the savage) commonly believes that animals are endowed with feelings and intelligence like

those of men, and that, like men, they possess souls which survive the death of their bodies. . . .

"Much of the public's image of hunters can be traced directly to Walt Disney," says Garner Fuller. "You know, Bambi. This man taught generations of kids that animals talk, cry, live in houses and wear white gloves. Now if I crop an animal and hang its head up on my wall, I'm the Beast of Belsen, right?"

Garner Fuller is a wildlife biologist and lifelong hunter who has managed the lands and wildlife projects of the King Ranch and presently does the same in Mexico for a leading industrial family.

We are in the Longhorn Room, an executive saloon and think-tank in San Antonio's Lone Star Brewing Company. Fuller is wearing the uniform of affluent Texas: 52 work shirt, J. C. Penney khakis, 5200 boots and a 540 hat, sweated through at the brim.

"The Bambi people don't realize that trophy hunters do less damage to game than anybody. If you're a trophy hunter, you're after the big old boys. They are past breeding age, so when you take one you've got a good feeling in your heart. You aren't hurting the species."

Fuller doesn't collect trophies himself. "I like to shoot it and eat it," he says. But 25 years as a professional hunter have given him a perspective. "I think it is done mostly to boost men's egos. They can give you a lot of fancy answers, but that's it. Take a man with a big trophy room. Lots of heads around. He can say, 'Look here, I did this.' He's climbed the mountain. Big-game hunters are extroverts. They're affluent men, corporation presidents, land dealers. They're forceful, virile types. So when it comes to trophy rooms, they're not going to hide their light under a bushel, right?"

With some savages a special reason for respecting the bones of game, and generally of the animals which they eat, is a belief that, if the bones are preserved, they will in course of time be re clothed with flesh, and thus the animal will come to life again.

On the 51 manicured acres of Harry Jessig's Lone Star brewery, another Disneyland is in the making. It is a pastiche of oddities, strange sights, buildings and animals. There is artificial Lone Star Lake

continued

Bambi

with giant catfish and black bass, and next to it is a huge swimming pool. There's O. Henry's Texas house, lovingly transported and restored. There's an employee picnic ground, and there's the sprawling building holding one of the most magnificent collections of taxidermy in the United States.

A series of halls—African Hall, North American Hall, Texas Hall, Hall of Fins, Hall of Feathers, Buckhorn Bar, Boar's Nest and, not far away, Lone Star's own Texas History Wax Museum—are mobbed with visitors and sightseers. Young guides dressed in maroon Lone Star blazes escort groups of schoolchildren and adults past the 1,056-pound marlin, the rare birds, the splendid displays of mounted heads and bodies of American and African game.

But Jersig's love of history and mania for collecting outrun normal trophy-room models. Although most of the halls are standard, darkly illuminated corridors of taxidermy, the Buckhorn Bar stands apart. Next to a mounted brown head is a ten-gallon hat with Sam Rayburn's autograph on the brim. There is a hall stand made from steer horns, an elaborate nickelodeon rescued from a local pleasure house and a mirror made for a czar from the cedars of Lebanon. The room is the standard place for brewery tours to end. A group comes in, dropping coins in the nickelodeon, drinking paper cups of Lone Star beer. A moose, some deer, a rhino and a lion look down on the beer taps and the ornate bar.

The Boar's Nest is a room containing the lifelong collection of guns, trophies, medals and memorabilia of the late John Moore, a noted Texas hunter and conservationist. Among the inlaid shotguns (one is valued at \$10,000), benchrest rifles, silver-plated pistols, knives, flintlocks, medals and tanks are some of Moore's most prized trophies.

A monster caribou looms above the dehumidifiers. It remains after many years No. 3 in the Boone and Crockett Club's record book. There are massive water-buffalo heads, a wolf, a few deer and on one wall, standing in quadrangular perfection, is a grand slam, all four species of North American game sheep. These great rams with their thick, curling horns are mounted uniquely. The bodies protrude from the wall like Weatherby's grapple, and the forelegs stand on a rock ledge attached to the wall, much as you would see them in life. With

Watergate news on the air each day, they resemble four witnesses solemnly taking the oath.

The Hall of Texas is without doubt the best trophy room at the brewery. The ceiling is a mass of antlers from native deer, thousands of racks like stalactites. More than 100 deer heads grace the wall, including the world-record freak, white-tailed buck. Chairs are made from steer horns; there is a fully mounted two-headed calf, a horse compressed in a full-buck position, the gigantic record Longhorn steer, standing in bovine elegance before a mural of the Texas plains. One wall is devoted to Longhorn and Angus bulls, commemorated at taxidermy by their rancher-owners.

Like Maurice Maeterlinck, Harry Jersig is a man who does not want to squirrel away his trophies in his den. "You can't keep a trophy room to yourself," he explains. "A million people tour the brewery each year, most of them children in school groups. They've studied these animals in their science classes, and probably, if it's an African animal, they'll never see one in their lives unless they see it up on the wall. It's really an educational program."

Harry Jersig, relaxing on his Auerhahn Ranch 38 miles north of San Antonio, moves that all collections serve the same purpose—history. "I could be mad for clothes," he reasons, "go all over the world looking for a certain suit style or a ring or something. But I like to find things typical of a country, of a time and place. Things that are vanishing, just like that grass gazelle on the wall there. The only way to save things is to collect them."

But Jersig does not collect and preserve only the inanimate and the dead. On his ranch he raises and propagates several exotic and domestic species of game in danger of extinction. "There are more black-buck antelope and axis deer in Boerne, Texas than in their native India and Pakistan," he says. "In fact, Pakistan was almost totally without black-buck antelope. We sent them several for breeding stock."

Jersig also raises feral hogs, mouflon sheep, sika deer from Japan, red deer from Germany, fallow deer from England andoudad sheep. And these animals are cared for the way Jersig cares for the immaculate trophy rooms at his brewery. A James Bond pickup truck, outfitted with gun compartments, obser-

vation seats and a stocked bar, has big barrels of feed fitted on the bumper. As you drive through the ranch you just flip a switch on the dash to spread feed electrically. The animals know the sound of the feeder. Sheep, deer, hogs and wild turkeys come jogging out of their cover toward the road.

Trophies for Jersig are a means of preserving history, an educational tool to be used in telling the story of wildlife. Like O. Henry's house, or the ten-gallon Steinson autographed by Sam Rayburn, the lions, sheep, bears, birds and fish at the Lone Star brewery are pieces of living, personal history for Jersig. In his eyes they are not a *tazzele-dazzele* come-on for his beer, but a missionary's hardware in preserving the past.

*... they stuff the skin of the slain
beast with her . . . and then . . .
astonish us all the generation due
to a grandson pool.*

Van Ellis of Dallas has not yet reached the level of affluence or experience of Jersig. He hunts mostly for himself and collects trophies for himself and his sons. Ellis has been a big-game hunter for only a short time, but his trophy room is a departure from the traditional.

First of all, it was done by an interior decorator. "I tried to give him pictures of other trophy rooms," says Ellis, "and I offered to take him around to a few, but he said he didn't want to see another one. So we got something that is truly different."

Ellis' trophy room used to be a pool house at his Dallas home. You enter a room of tropical foliage—dank, humid, lush and green. You step through the rubber-tree plants into a stunning area of textures and colors. Lions stand on a bamboo platform over your head, a giant cut-out cork in the shape of the African continent hangs on one wall, with heads placed on it. Ellis throws a switch and big AR-3a-speakers hidden in the foliage begin to blare out the *Missa Luba*, a Catholic Mass sung in Congolese style by African schoolboys. Try staring a lion in the eye while someone is singing, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

On the room, the safaris and the taxidermy, Ellis estimates that he has spent around \$250,000. His trophy room is not the traditional preserve of the gentleman, or the hunter-scholar-lord-of-the-manor, either. Just as it differs in looks from most



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trophy rooms, being an environment, almost a living diorama of Africa, it gets used in an unusual way. "We come out here to give parties once in a while, or to relax," says Ellis, "but mostly the kids use it." Ellis' sons study and hang out in the room. It is difficult to imagine a group of teen-agers doing the Jerk to Come On Baby, Light My Fire with lion teeth snagging bell-bottoms and pizza fumes rising into the plastic nostrils of a kudu. It reminds one of a bad TV program on the decadence of youth.

*Among the Claspets of Paragon
a sick man would be asked by the
medicine-man whether he had not
plucked away some of the flesh of
the deer or its life, and if he
answered yes, the medicine-man
would say, "That is what is killing
you. The soul of the deer or turtle
has entered into your body to
avenge the wrong you did it."*

Only a few blocks from Ellis' "piece of Nairobi" is the most classically beautiful and complete trophy room in the United States and probably the world. It is an updating of the English lord's hunt room: contemporary and Texan.

Herb Klein is the dean of American big-game hunters and one of the major trophy collectors in the world, although that happened almost by accident. Klein recalls, "I came back from my first African trip in 1953. I had about 55 or 60 trophies, and I was all set to give them to a museum near here, but the guy got silly and only wanted animals from Texas. So I thought I might as well keep them. We built this house around that collection."

Klein's ranch house in suburban Dallas reflects both care and planning. The main room is the trophy room, a semi-circular showplace 55 by 35 feet. The curved walls create vast areas for trophy heads. The room is done in a light African limba wood, terrazzo floors, pools of furniture, hurl-i-TV, bar, desk, and it is the only trophy room I saw on my travels that contained books. Among the usual Boone and Crockett record books are Sasha Siemel's *Tigrets* and African stories by Hemingway and Dinesen.

The room is a place you want to own. From here you would control your empire like James Bond's Goldfinger. You would never have to leave. The raised fireplace is flanked by a pair of bears

walking four-footed toward each other by the andirons. One is a magnificent polar bear, the other a menacing Alaskan brown. Klein is unimpressed by collectors who have their bears mounted rampant and fierce. "You never see a bear like that in nature," he complains, "or if you did you'd never see another. Bears lumber along on four feet like those fellows, and if they stand up, they hold their paws limp, because they're curious or sniffing something." The main concern in Klein's taxidermy is the natural, the obvious situation rather than the dramatic overcharacterization that underlines many collections.

"Take lions," says Klein. They spend most of their time sleeping or resting. The old mama's expression is alert, ready, ears pricked. And the cub will be playing beside her and imitating her. The old man is useless, couldn't care less. And it's true. The male lion is like Clarence, the crow-eyed one, terminally stupid. Most of Klein's taxidermy seems so lifelike that you want to go up and ask the animals what they would like for Christmas or talk about the high price of zebra flank.

There are an amazing number of sheep heads in the room. Klein admits that he was on a sheep kick for a while and was almost overtaken by it. "I collected 10 grand slams in North American sheep. Then I thought, 'Hey, this has got to stop. I've got to leave some for somebody else.'"

Currently, Klein is on a cat kick. At the age of 72 he has resigned himself to the fact that he cannot collect all the cats in the world, but he is making a stab at it. In the main den are two snow leopards and a marble leopard. His bar is loaded with cat mounts: small cats of every geographical location and every description. Klein has been collecting cats for museums as well as for himself.

Despite its grandeur, Klein has an ambivalent attitude toward his trophy room at times. Perhaps it is the effect of age. He started hunting in 1924 while working on an oil rig in Wyoming. Since then, as he became wealthy through contract oil drilling, his interest never waned. But lately he admits, "I walk into this room four or five times a day and never notice a thing. Not a thing. And then suddenly I look up and see a sheep maybe, and I think, 'I remember you. We go back a long time together. I remember the trouble you gave me for days. . . .'"

Klein willingly reflects on the reasons men have trophies and why they collect such palaces of pleasure and memory as he has constructed for himself. "I'm getting to the point of believing that it's just a status symbol. The young guys reason like this: 'I've been to Africa on a safari: I shot a lion, I shot a sable antelope, I shot an elephant. I shot a buffalo, I shot a rhino.' And when they've shot them, these rich young men, they come home and have to hang them up on the wall as evidence." Klein looks mournfully around one of the world's greatest trophy rooms.

The animals stare back. If, as he says, collecting trophies is "evidence," it is also much more. For Roy Weatherby it is to remind one of happy moments; for Maurice Maclure it is a love of educational work; for Garner Fuller it is ego, pure and simple; for Van Ellis it is personal pride; for Harry Jersig it is the preservation of the past.

History, ego, influence, status. These words look down on the trophy-room visitor through the brown eyes of stuffed heads and from the rampant, furred bodies in the corners. We still have a ruling class. They are not the Plantagenet kings of 13th-century England, they are corporation presidents and board members. In their fabulous world of helicoptering into the Himalayas to track and kill a shaggy and elusive tahr, they are followed by an avid veredon, the middle class, which comes to the great men's halls of meat and battle to see the trophies that are badges of power and control. Although the penalty for poaching is no longer death, at least not in the United States, the difference is made up by distance. A machoist simply can't save up enough for a month's safari in Mozambique, so he settles for white-tailed deer in Pennsylvania.

Although the powerful trophy hunters share with us their catches, being generally democratic, they still control. The language of big-game hunting is filled with synonyms and phrases for control. They "study populations," "control environments," "manage game," and when they kill a trophy bongo, they "crop a specimen."

A Ford Foundation study predicts that 5,000 to 10,000 elephants will starve to death in Africa's great drought this year. Kill the excess? Let the elephants die and limit themselves? Irradiate their reproductive organs?

Trophy hunters do not believe as the wistful Sioux that man is a microharmonic part of nature, obedient to its laws, almost part animal himself. "Someone's got to take care of the elephants, don't they? It's got to be man," says one. And what about man himself? In the movie *Planet of the Apes*, the apes kept a museum of stuffed humans.

One trophy hunter explained how he would handle the population problem. "I'd tie off every male at birth. Then at age 30, if he was O.K., had no genetic problems and no criminal record and he married a healthy woman, I'd let them have one kid and then tie 'em back up."

This may seem a cruel, Judge Roy Bean attitude toward humanity, but as the world wavers between more control and less control, it may become a reality. Though it is hard to imagine, we might be up on the wall next to the horizon, or we might someday live on a ranch much like Harry Jerwig's, where each morning a pickup truck would come tooling over the horizon lobbing jars of Cheer Whiz and loaves of Wonder Bread, and find ourselves trotting down the road to gratefully pick them up.

Those heads are up on the wall so that we may say to them, "Hey! I'm in control here! Don't forget it!" And it seems that the most marginal traits of our culture are copied.

"Something is happening now that amazes me," Herb Klein had said. "From 10% to 20% of all the animals taken to taxidermists are never picked up. Like rugs at the cleaners. You know, some guy's oldest son shot a deer and it doesn't matter if it's the fouziest-looking thing in the woods, he says, 'Let's do it! Let's do it!'"

"Then for some reason the stuff never gets picked up. They lose interest, or they don't have the money. Taxidermists used to have yearly auctions listing what they had, and they sold mounts just above cost. Decorators bought them, and smaller museums.

"But right now on the West Coast no taxidermy shop has any mounts left over. None. Where have they gone? The Japanese! They have bought them up. These guys don't know which end of a rifle to hold and they're getting moose heads and deer mounts and any other damn thing. What are they doing with them? What would a man want with a head of an animal he didn't shoot and eat?"

Stryanara, Bamila

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 4-10

PRO BASKETBALL—**NBA**. It seemed an impossible trade: Buffalo saw Guard Dave Wohl and rookie Center Kevin Kunnert in Houston for Forward Jack Marin and Guard Matt Gooden—but both the Braves and the Rockets were required for their basketball season. Buffalo's season was over. Buffalo traded Wohl and Kunnert to Houston for Marin and Gooden. Marin hit his 100th point in the victory as the Braves defeated Philadelphia twice and Gooden and Marin hit key points down the stretch as the Braves defeated Chicago's 10-game win streak 106-101. Buffalo then drew a 45-point game of semi-finalist New York in the first round of playoffs. Detroit with a 101-100 overtime decision over the Knicks. Marin scoring first of his 30 points in the victory. Detroit's season ended on the Central coast with three wins, but trailed Vancouver Capital by 115 points and Atlanta by 59. Dave Wohl ranked down the Rockets' 110-112 upset of Los Angeles with his straight line drives in overtime. Pacific leader LA then dropped another, 107-101 to Atlanta, which was playing without the reportedly suspended Eric Moten and the injured Lou Hudson. But the Braves managed to get inside of Golden State, which lost to Detroit 116-104 and KC then lost 120-104. The Braves made the scoring of Willie Norwood and George Trapp to first straight wins and studied Chicago by one game and Milwaukee by four in the first round.

AFL. Another round of player discontent with Coach Wilk Chamberlain, blown fan discontent and almost daily discussion of the sale and removal to Los Angeles. The year began in San Diego. The Chargers won the week's undefeated, taking Virginia 107-104 and Memphis 120-128, and handing San Antonio an evenly straight loss, 120-107. It was enough to make San Diego a powder fifth (if still last) in the West Division. Kookie Dwight Linnard led the Chargers 48 points. Along the division. Utah also was in the row to open a 10-game lead on Kentucky, which lost to three in the last. Kentucky's Arin Gorman set a league record with 40 rebounds in a 121-91 rout of New York. The Colts then beat Carolina 125-111 and Denver 106-105 to move within 11 points of first place New York, which played last and 121-100 and then saw their next game with the Panthers second out.

BOXING—Argentina's CARLOS MONZON returned his world middleweight title in Paris when Mexico's Jose Napoles, the softest-weight champion, failed to come out for the seventh round (page 27).

FIGURE SKATING—GORDON MCKELLEN, 26, of Lake Placid, N.Y., won the U.S. men's championship and DOROTHY HANMILL, 17, of Riverside, Conn., captured the women's crown. MELISSA MONTANO, of Del Rio, N.Y., and JOHNNY JOHNS, of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., are the new pairs champions (page 60).

FACES IN THE CROWD

JUAN DE VILLAFRANCA

OF 28, of Mexico City, captured the U.S. squash racquet titles in 16 days. Juan won the University Club winter-collegiate in Glen Cove, N.Y., and the Amateur International in Rye, N.Y.



DIANA CARTWRIGHT, 19, of Mexico, Ind., is state champion in six different events. She won the Indiana YMCA one-meter diving title, the senior title in the YMCA gymnastics meet and all four events in the Junior Olympic gymnastics competition.

GOLD—**HUBERT GREEN** tied a first-round 55 for a total of 341 in won 532,048 and the Bob Hope Desert Classic for two weeks over Ben Vanoy in Palm Springs, Calif. (page 73).

HOCKEY—**NHL**. The Los Angeles Kings, who had been seeing the West Division players all year, tried some winning ways and scored on a full night. The Kings swept out Buffalo 5-1 behind Tom Williams' two goals, Ron Givens' goal and two goals and Bob Nevin's three goals. Then Nevin and Givens scored a goal and an assist each in a 3-1 win against St. Louis. For the Kings' fifth win in eight games. Philadelphia continued to pace the West and Chicago by six points, but could not shake the Bruins. The Bruins whipped the Flyers 5-1, making Boston 3-3-4 against them since Philly entered the NHL in 1967. Ken Hodge scored twice. The Bruins started firmly over the Kings, eight points ahead of Montreal, which was last, including a 7-2 loss of the Kings last night.

WHA. The Breckenridge Watson—Montana's Mike and Vancouver's Rob—again took up the West and lifted their respective teams to better overall heights. Mike scored two goals and an assist in a 4-1 victory against Cleveland, added two assists in Montreal's 7-3 loss of Chicago, and scored the winning goal in overtime as the Bruins beat Winnipeg 4-1 and moved into third in the West. Montreal is now only one point back of the Jets, but 11 behind Houston, which got some pretty fancy scoring. The goals at three ways—from its Fantasy All-Star, Gordie, Mark and Marty Howe. Vancouver got two goals and two assists from Breckenridge Watson in an 8-0 game of 1-0 against the Bruins. The Bruins then scored another goal and two assists from Rob in the 7-1 win over Quebec, and climbed out of the West cellar. In the East, Quebec earlier won its sixth straight, 3-0 over division leader New England, and moved ahead of Toronto to mid-second.

HORSE RACING—**ANCIENT TITLE**. 154-100, ridden by Luffa Pines, scored a seven-year victory in the 319,200-barter 11th Stakes. The gelding broke the Thoroughbred by three lengths to become only the third horse to sweep the Santa Anita, Santa Anita's three races for 4-year-olds.

WRESTLING—**WILL YOUNG**, 65, of New York City, set a world record by flying 178 km on a single line at the Sixth Annual International Flyoff near Saratoga, Pa.

TENNIS—**CHRIS EVERT** was awarded the \$10,000 first prize in the \$50,000 S&H Green Stamp Classic in Fort Lauderdale when Betty McNeil forfeited



TYRONE ROSE, a senior at Albany (Calif.) High School, is undefeated in 48 wrestling matches this season. The team captain, Rose has also won titles in the tournaments, and in four of them was named the outstanding wrestler. The Cougars are 17-17 this year.

the finish because of an injury suffered the night before when she "scalded her foot on a chair."

TRACK & FIELD—**GEORGE WOODS** heaved the shot farther than anyone in history, 72' 2 1/2", at the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games. Woods set the world record of 70' 4 1/2" in the shot. Woods set the previous world in San Francisco in 1951. Al Johnson would another record of 71' 7". **MARY DICKER** shattered the women's world indoor 800 record with a 2:06.7, a record faster than the old mark. At the U.S. Olympic Invitational meet in New York, **BOB MONTGOMERY**, making his last appearance as an athlete, set a world indoor record of 8:8 in the infrequently run 35-meter hurdles.

In the Mason-Dixon Games at Louisville's Freedom Hall, 11th-grade **MICHAEL VANCE** set a record-breaking yardage with a world indoor 5,000-meter effort of 17:34.1, beating the 1965 record by 11.5 seconds. Next to be magazine, the **CLUB-ADO TRACK & CLUB** set a world indoor record of 7:20.8 in the women's mile, matched by **RICK WOODHILL**, 16, a 16-year-old, beating Villanova's 1969 mark by two seconds. At the Spartan Relay in St. Louis, Mich., **MARSHALL DILL** broke his own world record in the 100-yard dash with a time of 29.5.

WRESTLING—**FOUR**. As head coach of the NHL Pittsburgh Penguins, **KEN SCHUNKEL**, who had directed the Penguins to a 14-31-5 record and seventh place in the Western Division for the season, was named **MARK ROHLF**, 41, former coach of the first World Hockey of the International Hockey League will replace Schunkel.

FOUR. As head hockey coach at Brown University, **J. ALLAN SWARTZ** because of university conduct and poor sportsmanship by his former Freshman Coach **KEITH TOUGH** was named acting varsity coach.

NAMED. To the 21st Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio, Green Bay offensive back **LOU TONY CANADIS**, Cleveland Linebacker **BILL GEORGE**, Cleveland Placekicker and Offensive Tackle **LOU (The Toot) GRIZA** and Defensive Back **EDDY (Night Train) LANE**, who played for Los Angeles, Chicago and Detroit.

RESIGNED **NED HARKNESS**, after three years as general manager of the 125-5-54 Detroit Red Wings, planning "almost daily pressures and harassment from the team media." Harkness had a brief but seven-year coaching career.

RESIGNED **KEN TRICKLEY**, 39, in basketball coach at Ohio University, effective the end of the season. So far at ORU, Trickley's record has been 115-19.

CREDITS

- 3—Shooting by Arnold Kline 19—Herald Examiner
- 20—Robert L. Miller, Hazel Goodman 21—Water
- 22—John B. O'Donoghue 23—First Round 24, 25—John O'Donoghue 26—27—28—Robert Hargis 29—C. Thomas Hargis 30—31—32—33—First Round Black Box 34—Don Gault 35—Lester Hargis 36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233—1234—1235—1236—1237—1238—1239—1240—124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20 ways to on your

1 Avoid paying extra installation charges when you order new phone service. Have all the work done at one time. Changing your mind later will mean extra visits and extra charges. So consider carefully all the different colors and styles, how many phones you want and exactly where you want them installed.

2 Ask one of our business office Service Representatives to explain the different types of service offered by your local Bell Company. Choose the one which best fits your pattern of calling. If you don't do a lot of calling each month, ask if "budget" or "limited" service is available in your area at a lower rate.

3 Ask the Service Representative for a rundown on the specific rates and charges you can expect. Find out exactly what the regular monthly charges will be, and what the one-time-only payments are. Find out whether there are options in your area of paying on a monthly basis, or making a single one-time only payment, on certain items.

4 Are you going to be away from home for any extended period of time? A business office Service Representative can tell you, based on how long you plan to be away, whether you could save money by temporarily suspending your telephone service.

5 Moving to a new residence? Ask a Service Representative whether you are eligible for a credit on your bill if you take your present phones along with you to your new location.

6 If you've never had a phone in your name before, or have never established credit, you may be asked to pay a deposit when you order telephone service. But we don't like to keep deposits for long periods of time. In fact, if you establish good credit with us by paying on time, we'll return your deposit to you PLUS interest. Ask a Service Representative to explain the details which apply in your area.

7 If a coin phone swallows your money but doesn't give you your call, you're entitled to a refund. Find a phone that works, dial "Operator" and explain what happened. You'll get a refund in the mail. P.S. We'd appreciate it if you'd also tell the operator the telephone number and location of the phone that's out of order so we can get it fixed as soon as possible.

8 Reach a wrong number on a Long Distance call you just dialed? Don't just hang up. Ask for the area code and the number you reached in error. Then dial "Operator" and report what happened. The operator will have the charge removed.

9 Get a poor connection on a Long Distance call, or get cut off in the middle of your conversation? Don't just hang up and call back. The person who placed the call should report what happened to an operator. The operator will issue a credit for the time your call was interrupted.

10 Error on your bill, with a charge for a Long Distance call you didn't make? Call the business office. A Service Representative will arrange to get the charge removed.

11 Save on Long Distance charges by cutting down on person-to-person calls. It's true you may not be able to reach the person you want on your first try with a station-to-station call. But in many instances you can make two (or even three) out-of-state station-to-station calls for what it would cost you to make that one person-to-person call. This is particularly true if you dial your own calls instead of going through an operator.

12 Dialing your own out-of-state Long Distance calls is the least expensive way of all. If you don't know the number for a call you want to make to a distant city, you can obtain it at no charge to you by dialing the area code (when required) for that city, plus 555-1212, for Directory Assistance. Then dial direct and save. Save time

save money phone bill.

in the future by recording the number in your personal number book. A listing of all area codes can be found in the information pages at the front of your local telephone directory.

13 Make sure you know when dial-direct rates apply before you make your call. They apply on all out-of-state calls to anywhere in the United States (excluding Alaska) if they are completed from a residence or business phone without an operator's assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone when direct dialing facilities are not yet available.

14 But it's even more important to know the circumstances when direct-dial rates do NOT apply. They do not apply on person-to-person, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or on calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Direct-dial rates do not apply on calls made from coin phones, even those from which you dial the complete number yourself before the operator comes on.

15 While operator-handled calls cost you more than those you dial yourself, there is one exception. If you run into equipment trouble completing a Long Distance call you're dialing yourself from a home or business phone, you're still eligible for the dial-direct rate even if you require an operator's assistance. Explain your problem to an operator. If you need help in getting the call through, or in making a satisfactory connection, confirm with the operator that it will be charged at the dial-direct rate.

16 Dial direct, but save even more by making your out-of-state Long Distance calls within the time periods when rates are lowest. The lower rates for out-of-state calls made in the evening, on the weekends or late at night are described for you in the call guide in the front of your local directory.

17 Don't get caught by surprise, or miss out on the money you can save on Long Distance calls you make within your state. The times when lower rates apply may be different than for your out-of-state calls. Check carefully in the call guide in the front of your local directory for a description of when to save on calls you make within your state.

18 If you're concerned about avoiding added charges on your Long Distance calls in general, don't guess how long you've been talking. Time yourself, so you can finish your call before overtime rates apply. To save even more time and money, jot down what you want to say before you dial.

19 Before you go ahead and place a Long Distance call to a business, check first to see if they have a toll-free number. You can recognize it because it has an 800 prefix instead of a regular area code. If they have one, it's usually displayed in their advertising, or you may find it listed in your own local telephone directory. If so, the call's on them, and you save.

20 The information pages at the front of your local telephone book are a good source for tips on how to place your calls and how to save time and money in using your telephone. Look in the book, and save.

We hear you.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FIGHT II

Sirs:

In all my years of reading your magazine I have never been so thoroughly disgusted with any article as I was with Mark Kram's coverage of the Ali-Frazier rematch (*Crafty Win for Muhammad*, Feb. 4). Boxing fans had waited too long for the fight to be asked to read analogies. We are not interested in tree limbs weighted with Spanish moss. What we want to know is why arms go limp. Is it the pain of blocking too many hooks? Is it the aching that comes from throwing too many punches too soon? We want facts, not I read phrases. We want straight, accurate reporting, not existentialist prose concerning such things as having and not having picks and shovels.

Nowhere in the article was there any mention of who did what to whom and when. Not one sentence was to be found about the hooks that had Ali in trouble or about why Frazier's face was puffy in the end. Nor was there anything on the fight strategy. On top

of all this, five paragraphs were devoted to a prefight encounter that had been reported throughout the country four days before the fight.

The article read like a short story to be found in *The New Yorker* rather than a report in a magazine that ostensibly functions as a purveyor of sports news.

JAMES P. LEWANDOWSKI

Toledo

Sirs:

Until I read Mark Kram I thought the late A. J. Liebling was the best boxing writer. Kram's perception and insight, his analogies and his knowledge of the game, its people and its atmosphere are unsurpassed in boxing writing today. He credits fight fans with an esthetic interest as well as with a knowledge of history, literature and psychology. At least I hope Kram is writing for the fight fan.

WOLFF WILKES

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

I realize I am challenging Mark Kram's judgment, but compared to numerous other sources and reports, his article conveyed an attitude that was very unfair to Joe Frazier. The fight was close. The boxer was given the decision over the fighter. Or maybe the judges were impressed that this match was really a celebrity ball and Ali was the only one who danced.

Frazier has not cried over the decision, as Ali did after the first fight. And the only person who says, "George who?" is Ali. I wonder why. Write about that someday, Mr. Kram.

GORDON BLAIN

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I always have thought *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was pro-Ali, but this article takes the cake. One statement really caught my attention: "If the fight ever seemed close, it was only because of Frazier's incessant pursuit." At

continued

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no point in the fight was Ali clearly assured of victory. At the end of the eighth round almost everyone in the Garden knew that Joe Frazier had taken control. Before the start of the ninth round Frazier got up off his stool and did his own version of the Ali Shuffle, then motioned around the ring to Ali as if to say, "Come on, let's slug it out!" Ali sat in his corner. Perhaps he knew that if he was going to get knocked out, it would be right then and there. He started to slug it out with Frazier—for about 15 seconds—then danced away.

You describe Frazier as being frustrated. Well, if you call taking Ali's best shots and then laughing in his face frustrating, then maybe that is what was wrong with Joe. The way I scored it, the fight should have been a draw, but at any rate I am sure that Frazier will not retire and Ali will not beat George Foreman.

ROBERT ANDRUSIEWICZ

Shamokin, Pa.

Sirs:

As a member of the white working class, I must protest being called Muhammad Ali's "oldest enemy." As a kid I loved Ali for his style, his mouth and his standing up to the Government. I haven't changed my mind just because I am working for a living. I still hang on his words and draw fire and strength from him. Muhammad Ali is the champ—past, present and always.

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

NOTRE DAME'S MOMENT

Sirs:

Congratulations to Larry Keith on his line article (*The End of a Week that Never Was*, Feb. 4). The Bruins showed that they are the best team as they demolished Notre Dame in Pauley Pavilion.

DAVE MARTIN

Fontana, Calif.

Sirs:

That surely was a pitiful ending to a great article on a fantastic basketball team, namely, the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. In closing with that distorted quote of the Bible on a UCLA banner—"The Lord Giveth but the Bruins Taketh Away"—you failed to note that the Scripture also says, "He who exalts himself shall be humbled, and he who humbles himself shall be exalted." The meek shall inherit the earth come time for the NCAA finals.

STEPHEN J. KOCHIS

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the diary of Notre Dame's week, and I was enlightened by some of Larry Keith's comments on the Notre Dame practice sessions and the coaching

techniques used by Digger Phelps. At the time I read the article I was visiting my brother, a starting guard on the Vassar Pink Panther basketball team. Spurred by your article, I attended one of the Panthers' practice sessions, and I was amazed to see that it was run with all the seriousness of a major college team. As I was leaving at the end of the practice, I turned to take one last look and saw all the players gathered around their coach. I heard him yell, "Who's No. 1?" The players yelled back in unison, "Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Notre Dame." Then, smiling, they headed for the showers. (They realize that Uclans speak louder than words.)

MUZZ MYERS

Hamilton, N.Y.

RESPITE

Sirs:

Thank you for that beautiful essay by Anne Dillard (*Footfalls in a Blue Ridge Winter*, Feb. 4). With sports so often thought of in violent terms, I was enthralled by the care shown a "lilly-white cool" in a Virginia marshland. I have not read anywhere recently such a fine tribute to the world of nature. May Ms. Dillard's walks be recorded again in SI.

JOHN E. ELIASIN

Pastor

Piedmont Presbyterian Church

Burlington, N.C.

Sirs:

Although SI does not always give due recognition to the athletes of Virginia, it is nice to see that you appreciate our writers. The excerpt from Annie Dillard's *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek* should appeal to all sports enthusiasts.

JOSEPH B. KLOTZ

Richmond, Va.

HOPE IN DETROIT

Sirs:

Congratulations on recognizing the resurgent Detroit Pistons (*Great Scott, He Did Some Ring Job!*, Feb. 4) and in particular Bob Lanier, who is now asserting himself as one of the best all-around centers in basketball.

However, I must make one correction regarding the knee injury that ended Lanier's college career in the 1970 NCAA Eastern Regional final. During that 97-74 St. Bonaventure rout of Villanova, Lanier did not fall over Villanova's Chris Ford; rather, he was "accidentally buckled from behind" by Ford, who had "tripped going for a rebound" (SI, March 23, 1970).

To this viewer, who will never forget the play, it looked like a perfectly thrown football clip. Whatever the cause, I will never forgive Ford—now Lanier's teammate—for depriving Lanier of a chance to dispose of Jacksonville in the semifinals and challenge

UCLA for the 1970 NCAA title. Hopefully, Lanier will soon lead Detroit to the NBA championship.

STEVE TAYLOR

North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sirs:

Thanks for giving some overdue recognition to the hottest team in the NBA. Bob Lanier is definitely this year's MVP, but the Pistons can win without the big man, too. On Feb. 1, after Lanier had been charged with two technicals and put out of the game, the Pistons defense held off the explosive New York Knicks and Detroit defeated the champions 96-91.

Dave Bing is the floor leader, all right, but how about some of the other players? George Trapp is coming into his own, and John Mengert, Chris Ford, Don Adams and Curtis Rowe are among the finest players in the league.

JAY MOORHEAD

Livonia, Mich.

Sirs:

I take offense at the statement that Detroit's Ray Scott is a cinch for Coach of the Year honors. Jack Ramsay of the Buffalo Braves has turned a very poor NBA club into one of the most exciting teams in basketball. Ramsay has a strong relationship with his players, is a teacher of teamwork and has showmanship on the bench.

PAUL LUCHOWSKI

Orchard Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

Peter Carrey's remark that Ray Scott is a cinch for Coach of the Year would seem a bit premature, to say the least. Taking nothing away from the superb job Scott has done with the Pistons, I see no man who deserves the honor more than the Philadelphia "Ters" Gene Shue.

MICHAEL KNIGHT

Contributing Editor

Activist

Philadelphia

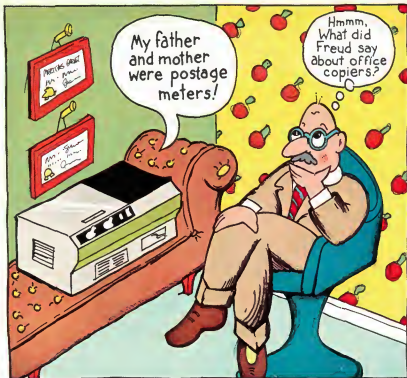
FIGHTING FOR THE TOP

Sirs:

Your articles have always been interesting and informative. But when you praise a team of underdoged Neanderthals like the Philadelphia Flyers (*The Hoard and the Hammer*, Jan. 28), I begin to wonder what will happen when it comes time to renew my subscription. The Flyers have disgraced the game. Sure, fighting is a part of hockey, as it is a part of most other contact sports. But when fighting is your entire game plan, you are no longer playing hockey, and you no longer deserve the privilege of being called a professional hockey team.

Mark Mulvey centered his article around Bob Kelly and Dave Schultz, who not only

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

have very limited talents but do not seem to realize that they do their team no good in the penalty box. If you want to do articles on dynamic, sportsmanlike hockey teams, do them on the Boston Bruins or the Montreal Canadiens, who lead in goals scored instead of penalty minutes and whose action consists of good clean hockey rather than fights.

RICK PARKINSON

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

How can Mark Mulvey say that Bob Kelly and Dave Schultz "make the old big bad Bruins seem like a bunch of Little Lord Fauntleroy's"? Boston's Wayne Cashman, Ken Hodge, Derek Sanderson, Darryl Edestrand and Terry O'Reilly could make the so-called Broad Street Bullies look like a bunch of pussycats.

JOE REYNOLDS

Dorchester, Mass.

Sirs:

In regard to your article on the most boisterous of the Broad Street Bullies, one slight correction is in order. *re* Bob Kelly is known as Baitship and, together with Steve (Destroyer) Durbano, he gives the Pittsburgh Penguins one of the better gladiatorial tandems on ice.

JOHN JURACK

Doroga, Pa.

Sirs:

The article was interesting but incomplete. Another Flyer defenseman, Andre (Moose) Dupont, plays a tough, hard-hitting game like Kelly and Schultz, and it was no surprise that Philadelphia traded with St. Louis for Dupont last year. He led the Central Hockey League in total penalty minutes a few seasons ago and at the same time was selected as one of the league's MVPs. Credit goes to Coach Fred Shero and all the Flyers for this season's success, but remember that when the Hound and the Hammer are on the bench for a shift, NHL opponents still have to put up with the Moose.

LARRY GRIMMOLD

Pease AFB, N.H.

NOT THE FIRST

Sirs:

Just to set the record and Ed Marinaro straight ("They Said It," *SCORECARD*, Jan. 28), John Cappelletti was not the first Italian to win the Hearn Trophy. There were Angelo Bertelli in 1943, Alan Arncliffe in 1954 and Joe Belfino in 1960.

RICHARD ROSENBLATT

Flushing, N.Y.

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